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"ONCE THERE WERE TWO CHILDREN."

CHILD STORIES AND RHYMES

FOR

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN

BY

EMILIE POULSSON

AUTHOR OF "NURSERY FINGER PLAYS," "IN THE CHILD'S WORLD," "THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE," ETC.

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The Rhyme of the Bowl of Milk.

OH! here is the Milk, so sweet and white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

This is the Mother who, with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

This is the Milkmaid who worked with a will,
Her pail with the Cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the Mother who, with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

This is the Cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the Milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the Cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the Mother who, with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

This is the dry and sweet-smelling Hay,
That was fed to the Cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the Milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the Cow's good milk to fill,
To give to the Mother who, with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

This is the Grass (in the field it grew,
Helped by the sunshine and rain and dew)—
The grass that was dried into sweet-smelling Hay,
And fed to the Cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the Milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the Cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the Mother who with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

MOLLY THE MILKMAID BRINGING BABY'S MILK.

This is the Mower who worked at the farm,
Swinging his scythe with his strong right arm,
Mowing the fields of Grass (that grew,
Helped by the sunshine, and rain, and dew),—
The grass that was dried into sweet-smelling Hay,
And fed to the Cow that gave milk each day
To Molly, the Milkmaid, who worked with a will
Her pail with the Cow's good milk to fill,
To take to the Mother who, with delight,
Poured into the bowl the Milk so white,
All ready for dear little Baby.

BABY'S BREAKFAST.

BABY wants his breakfast,
Oh! what shall I do?
Said the cow, "I'll give him
Nice fresh milk — moo-*oo!*"

Said the hen "Cut-*dah*
cut!
I have laid an egg

For the Baby's break-
fast —
Take it now, I beg!"

And the buzzing bee
said,
"Here is honey sweet.
Don't you think the Baby
Would like that to eat?"

Then the baker kindly
Brought the Baby's bread.
"Breakfast is all ready,"
Baby's mother said;

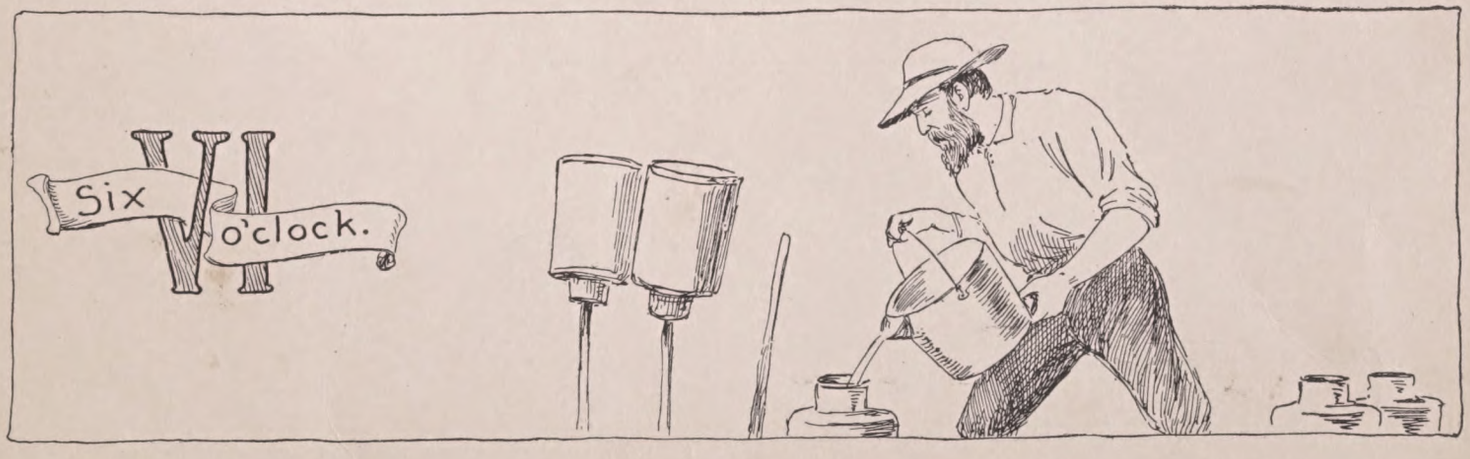
"But before the Baby
Eats his dainty food,
Will he not say 'Thank you!'
To his friends so good?"

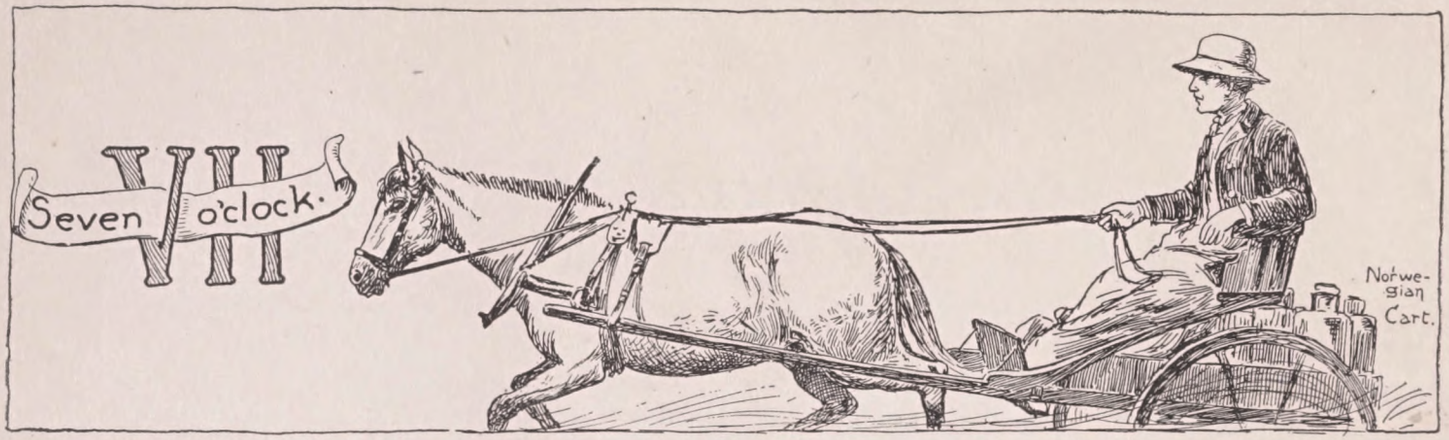
Then the bonny Baby
Laughed and laughed
away.
That was all the "Thank you"
He knew how to say.

THE BREAKFAST SONG.

At five o'clock he milks the cow,
The busy farmer's man.
At six o'clock he strains the milk
And pours it in the can.

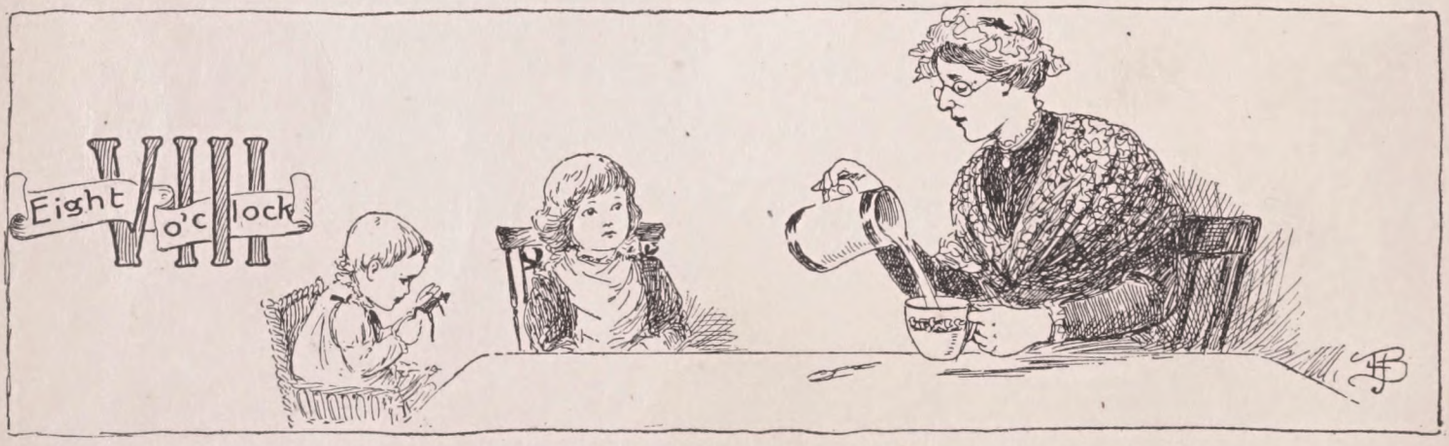
At seven o'clock the milkman's horse
Must go to town—"get up!"
At eight o'clock Nurse Karen pours
The milk in Baby's cup.





At five o'clock the Baby sleeps
As sound as sound can be.
At six o'clock he laughs and shouts,
So wide awake is he.

At seven o'clock he's in his bath,
At eight o'clock he's drest,
Just when the milk is ready, too,
So you can guess the rest.



BABY'S TROUBLES ENDED.

THERE once was a Baby
  Who wanted to play,
But Kitty and Doggy
  Had both run away.
His blocks tumbled over,
  His lamb wouldn't squeak,
And out of his dolly
  The saw-dust *would* leak.

His drum had a hole in,
  His soldiers *would* fall,
He'd broken his wagon,
  And lost his nice ball;
His "Jumbo" was stupid,
  His gun wouldn't shoot,
His reins were all tangled,
  His horn wouldn't "toot."

And Nursie was busy,
  And mother was out —
So there was poor Baby
  Almost in a pout,
When in came Big Sister
  "O Baby, just look!
I've brought something for you,
  A nice picture book!"

And then little Baby
  Had *such* a nice time!
And while he was laughing
  At picture and rhyme,
In walked his dear pussy
  And little dog Jack,
Nurse mended his playthings,
  And mother came back!

THE STORY OF BABY'S PICTURE-BOOK.

One day I went strolling—
And what did I see?
A man who was busy
As busy could be.

They called him an Artist,
And all that he saw
He could with his pencil
Most cunningly draw.

Cats, kittens and doggies,
Birds, butterflies, bees,
Hens, chickens and horses,
And flowers and trees,

And houses and churches,
And sun, moon and stars,
And sailboats and steamships,
And engines and cars,

And people and children,
At work and at play,
This Artist could draw
In a wonderful way!

And why was he working
From morning till night?
Why, just to make pictures
For Baby's delight!

THE STORY OF BABY'S PLAY-THINGS.

Said the Ivory Ring:
"I can tell a strange thing
That perhaps you don't know;
But — a long time ago —
In an Elephant's tusk did this
ivory grow."

Said the new Noah's Ark
With its animals: "Hark!
If your wooden toys please,
You must thank the good
Trees,
For they give all the wood to
make such things as these."

Said the big Rubber Ball:
"Yes, and that is not all!
For a Tree far away
Gave its sap — so they say —
To make soft rubber toys for
the wee Babies' play."

Said the little Tin Pail:
"And now I'll tell a tale!
'Twas the Miner who found
Me at first underground,
And the Tinsmith who made
me so shiny and round."

Said the pretty pink Shell;
"Many things I could tell
Of the wonderful Sea
Where my home used to be,
And the queer little creature
who once lived in me!"

Baby dear, it is true!
All mankind works for you;
And the Creatures and Trees,
And the Earth and the Seas,
One and all give up something
the Baby to please.

A RIDING SONG.

I SEE a big horse, and a child
is astride,
And where, and oh where,
shall the little one ride?
Away to the palace he gal-
lops afar,
And out to the park where
the royal dogs are.

There, under a bench, gnaw-
ing hard at their chain,
They bark and they growl, and
then both bark again.

The little dog barks in a fine
little voice,
"Bow-wow-wow!"
The bigger dog barks with a
very loud noise!
"Bow, wow, wow!"

"BOW, WOW, WOW!"

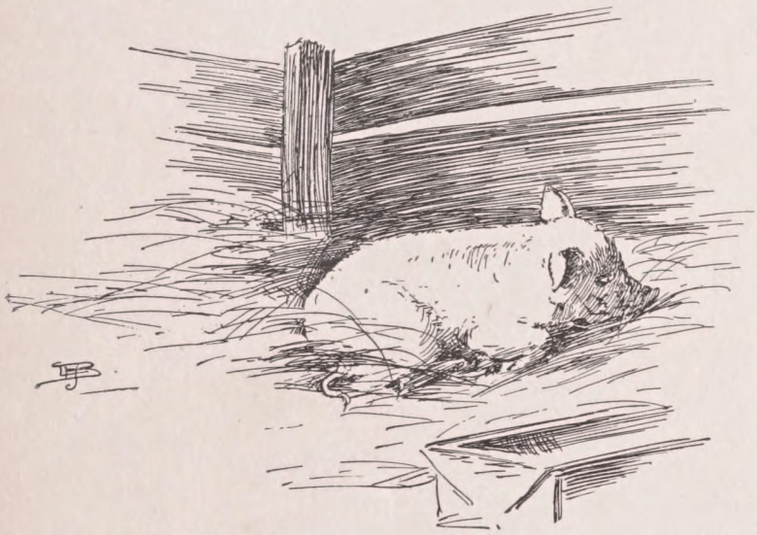
RIDING TO THE MILLER'S HOUSE.

Ride and ride away
Till we reach the miller's house;
No one is at home,
But a morsel of a mouse.

The miller grinds the corn
For Bobby and for Sue;
The rooster flaps his wings,
Singing "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

BED-TIME SONG.

SLEEP, my baby, while
I sing
Bed-time news of every-
thing.
Chickens run to mother
hen;



Piggy curls up in the pen.
In the field, all tired with
play,
Quiet now the lambkins
stay.

Kittens cuddle in a
heap —
Baby, too, must go to
sleep!

Sleep, my baby, while I sing
Bed-time news of everything.
Now the cows from pasture come;
Bees fly home with drowsy hum.
Little birds are in the nest,
Under mother-bird's soft breast.
Over all soft shadows creep—
Baby now must go to sleep.

Sleep, my baby while I sing
Bed-time news of every-thing.
Sleepy flowers seem to nod,
Drooping toward the dewy sod;
While the big sun's fading light
Bids my baby dear good-night.
Mother loving watch will keep;
Baby now must go to sleep.

A LULLABY.

THE sunlit day has passed away,
The stars begin to show.
Bedtime is here, and Baby dear
To dreamland now must go.

But ere he goes, we'll toast his toes,
And cosy let him rest
On mother's arm; then, snug and warm,
We'll tuck him in his nest.

Across his eyes the lullabies
Have brought the shadows deep.
The lashes brown are dropping down,
Hush! Baby is asleep!

"HUSH! BABY IS ASLEEP."

THE STORY OF BABY'S BLANKET.

Once a little Baby,
On a sunny day,
Out among the daisies
Took his happy way.
Little lambs were frisking
In the fields so green,
While the fleecy mothers
All at rest were seen.

For a while the Baby
Played and played and played;
Then he sat and rested
In the pleasant shade.
Soon a Sheep came near him,
Growing very bold,
And this wondrous story
To the Baby told:

"Baby's little blanket,
Socks and worsted ball,
Winter cap and mittens,
And his flannels all,
And his pretty afghan
Warm and soft and fine,
Once as wool were growing
On this back of mine!

"And the soft bed blankets,
For his cosey sleep,
These were also given
By his friends, the sheep."
Such the wondrous story
That the Baby heard:
Did he understand it?
Not a single word!

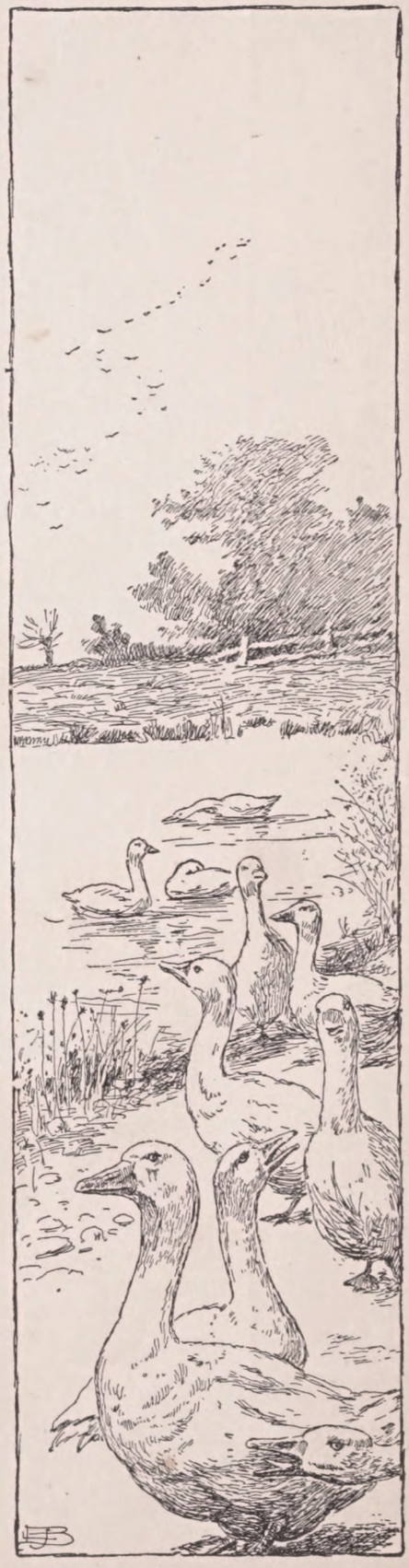
THE STORY OF BABY'S PILLOW.

These are the Eggs that were
put in a nest;
These are the Goslings in yel-
low down drest.

This is the Farm-yard where,
living in peace,
All the young Goslings grew
up to be Geese.

Here's the Goose-family wad-
dling about —
In a procession they always
walk out.

This is the Farmer who said,
"Every Goose
Now has some feathers on,
ready for use."



This is the Farmer's Wife, plucking with care
All of the feathers the Geese can well spare.

This is the Pillow the Merchant displayed:
"Yes, of the finest Goose-feathers 'tis made."

This is the Mother who put on its case,
Laid the wee Pillow away in its place.

This is the Crib with its furnishings white,
This the dear Baby who bids you "Good-night."

THE WONDERFUL HAY-MAKING.

THE squirrel went out in the
meadow to mow,
So merry and blithe,
With his glittering scythe;
And still as he mowed, he was
chattering so.
Oh! the squirrel went out in
the meadow to mow.

The raven went with him to
rake up the hay,
The rake in his claw;
Such a sight you ne'er saw!
And still as he raked he was
croaking away.
Oh! the raven went with him
to rake up the hay.

The crow and the cat to the
meadow went, too.
The crow dragged the cart,
And the cat did her part;
For she drove the hay-cart, and
said "Mew, mew, mew!"
Oh! the crow and the cat to
the meadow went, too.

The children went out in the
meadow to see;
But squirrel was done,
And the raven was gone.

The crow and the pussy cat,
where could they be?
Oh! the children went out in
the meadow to see.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF BAA-BAA.

BABY BUN.

One day in spring Baby Bun's mamma said, "I'm going to take you to the farm to-day."

Baby liked that; and when he was ready to go, what do you think he had in his hand?

"A dolly?" Oh! no. His dear little woolly lamb.

"Why don't you take your new horse, Baby?" asked mamma. "Doesn't he want to go?"

"Oh! yes," said Baby; "but Baa-Baa is sick, so I must take him to-day."

Poor Baa-Baa did look badly. One ear was gone, one leg was broken, and his head hung down in a forlorn way. He was wrapped in an old doll-blanket, and Baby carried him very carefully.

When they got to the farm Baby trotted about, looking till he found the very greenest, freshest grass anywhere near the farmhouse.

"There, Baa-Baa, eat all you want," said Baby.

While Baa-Baa stood looking at the grass, but before he had begun to eat, Farmer Robbins came that way.

FARMER ROBBINS.

"How do you do, Baby Bun?" said he. "Come and see the Bossy in the barn."

Baby looked at Baa-Baa.

Farmer Robbins said, "Oh! you need not worry about him; animals sometimes like best to be alone when they eat."

So Baby went with the farmer to see the Bossy, and left Baa-Baa to eat the fresh tender grass as he liked.

THE BOSSY.

After Baby Bun had seen the Bossy, Farmer Robbins showed him the pigs and the horses and the ducks, until it was dinner-time.

Then, after dinner, Baby took a drive with mamma. He did not forget Baa-Baa, but thought, "He will have plenty of time to eat all he wants."

When mamma said, "Now, we must go home," Baby ran to get his pet. There stood Baa-Baa just where he had left him — but oh! oh! oh! — he had two ears, his broken foot seemed to have grown on again, and his head was up just as it should be!

"Baa-Baa is all well!" shouted Baby, "Baa-Baa is all well!"

Baby always thought it was the fresh grass that had cured his pet, but mamma knew that kind Farmer Robbins had mended Baa-Baa while Baby was at dinner.

BAA–BAA IS ALL WELL NOW!

BUN AS DRIVER.

BARNEY.

Barney was a fat, strong little donkey. The children had a small gay cart which he could draw, so they had great fun driving about. But Baby's mamma always said "No," when Baby wished to go with the children; perhaps telling him that Jane, the nurse, would take him some time. To go with Jane, however, was not what Baby Bun wanted.

At last, Baby thought he would invite some other grown-up person to go with him. His mamma was not well and never went to drive, so he first asked his dear old grandmamma; but she said, "I am too old." Then he asked his Aunt Helen; but she said, "I am too busy." Then he asked his Aunt Sue; but she said, "Oh! I should be afraid."

That was the worst of all, Baby Bun thought. He was four years old and of course he could take care of her.

BABY BUN AS DRIVER.

One day, soon after this, his mamma had a visitor, a lady who showed that she knew Baby was a big boy even if he did wear dresses. So Baby walked up to her and said, "I should like to take you to drive in the 'Barney cart.'"

Miss Dare was delighted and said she would go as soon as he and Barney were ready.

When they got into the cart Miss Dare said, "Where are we going?" "Well," said Baby Bun grandly, "we'll go all over the farm and out on the main road and everywhere." "That will be fine!" said Miss Dare.

The donkey started.

"That road leads to the stable," said Baby Bun, "but we will go the other way."

But when they came to the the two roads Barney chose to go to the stable, and though Baby pulled and scolded, to the stable they went. "Never mind," said Miss Dare. "I shall like to visit the stable and we can go to the farm another time. How nicely you drive, Baby Bun!"

THE RIDE IN THE "BARNEY CART."

After seeing the horses and driving back to the house, Miss Dare thanked Baby and told mamma and grandmamma and the aunties that she had had a delightful drive. And you may be sure Baby Bun was a proud and happy little boy.

NIFTY AND SCRUBBY.

Nifty, Bun's canary, was a great dandy and a great pet. When Bun's mamma sat down to sew, she often put Nifty's

BUN'S MAMMA.

cage on the seat which extended around the bay window.

Once, when she came back after having been out of the room a long time, she found that Nifty had company! Company inside his cage! What do you think of that?

There sat Nifty on his lower perch, and close beside him sat the rustiest, dirtiest, scraggiest little bit of a mouse that you ever saw.

They made a strange-looking pair: Nifty so gay and sleek in his yellow coat, and Scrubby (as Bun's mamma named the mouse), so shabby and dingy in his rough dull fur.

No one knew how they got acquainted; but after this, the mouse came almost every day.

When Nifty's cage was taken down and Bun's mamma was quietly seated in another part of the room, Scrubby would generally appear. But if he did not come soon, Nifty would give a soft low chirp and repeat it until Scrubby heard the call. Then Scrubby would come run-

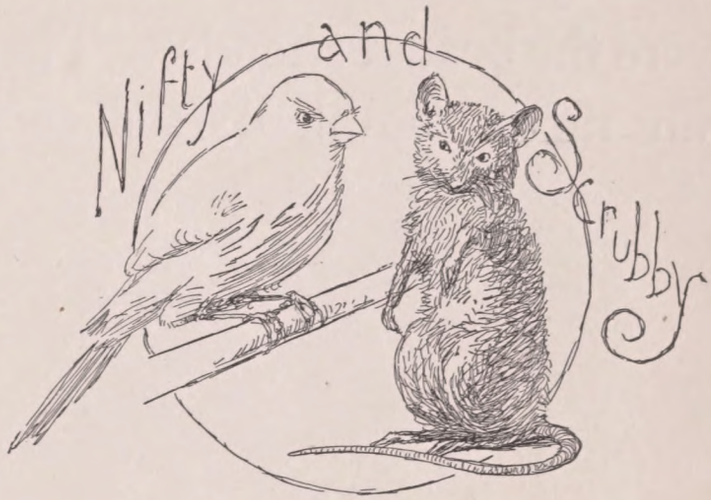
ning across the room and up to the window seat, and, squeezing himself in between the wires of the cage, would scramble up on the perch beside Nifty.

Scrubby was always hungry. It was never long after he got into the cage before he went to Nifty's seed dish to have a feast.

Nifty would let him eat a little while, but when he thought Scrubby had had enough, he would hop over to him, and, catching hold of Scrubby's long, thin tail, nip it with his bill.

Oh! how Scrubby hated to stop eating! but oh! how Nifty did hurt his tail! He always had to leave the delicious seed and go and play with Nifty.

After they had had a good frolic, Scrubby would squeeze between the wires of the cage

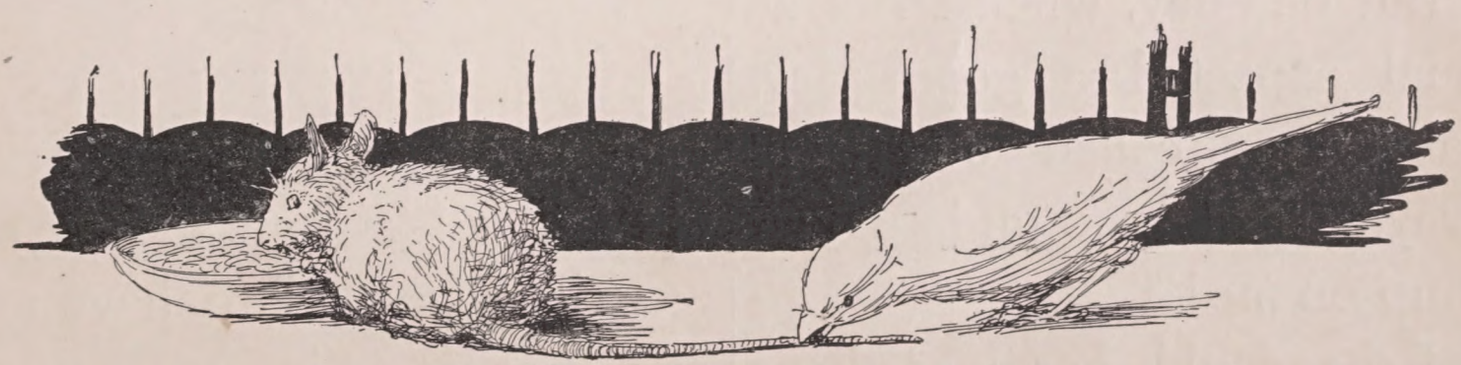


BUN'S PETS.

again and scamper away to his home which was somewhere about the fireplace.

The mouse came day after day, either of his own accord or in answer to Nifty's chirp.

Wouldn't you like to see Nifty and Scrubby?



"YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH, SCRUBBY!"

WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE?

Baby Bun and Fritz the dog were the best of friends. They ran races, tumbled over each

BABY BUN AND FRITZ.

other, and had fun all day long.

When Fritz saw Baby Bun coming, he would crouch down all ready for a spring, and Baby Bun would dash after him; and the boy would laugh so, and the dog would bark so, that you could hear nothing else.

But one day, when Fritz as usual expected a good play, Baby Bun called out, "Go away, Fritz! keep off! Don't jump on me!"

Fritz could hardly believe his flopping ears; so he kept slowly on his way toward Baby Bun.

But Baby Bun again called out, "Go away!" and then Fritz saw, by the way Baby Bun kept moving off and shouting, that he really did not mean to play with him at all.

Poor Fritz put his tail between his legs and went sadly away. He could not think why Baby Bun would not play with him.

As Fritz passed the barn, a

FRITZ IS UNHAPPY.

man called out, "Here, Fritz, old fellow! Come in here!"

Fritz was glad to have any one speak to him, so he went

into the barn to tell the man how very badly he felt about Baby Bun.

"He knows something is wrong," said another man who was in the barn.

"He will be all right soon," said the first man. Then they both took hold of Fritz and

and wondering still about Baby Bun, he heard little feet running over the grass. He jumped up.

Yes, it was Baby Bun, who called, "O, Fritz! Now come, Fritzie! Nice doggie!" and they were soon rolling over in the grass, one of them barking and the other laughing.

FRITZ IS HAPPY AGAIN.

put him into a big tub and gave him a bath!

Fritz did not like it at all; but oh! how fine he looked when he came out of the tub!

As he lay sunning himself

Then they lay still; and Baby Bun hugged Fritz and said, "I am so glad you are clean again. Mamma told me not to play with you when you were all covered with black ditch mud!"

BUN AND HIS WONDER–BALL.

Baby Bun did not know at all what his Auntie meant when she said, "Bun, I have brought you a wonder-ball," so he watched his Auntie as she took a bundle out of her bag and unrolled the paper. A ball it was, to be sure — so big that it took Bun's two hands to hold it. It was made of gay red worsted, and Bun thought it was rather heavy.

"I have brought you a toy knitter, too," said Auntie. "Come and sit by me and I will teach you to knit."

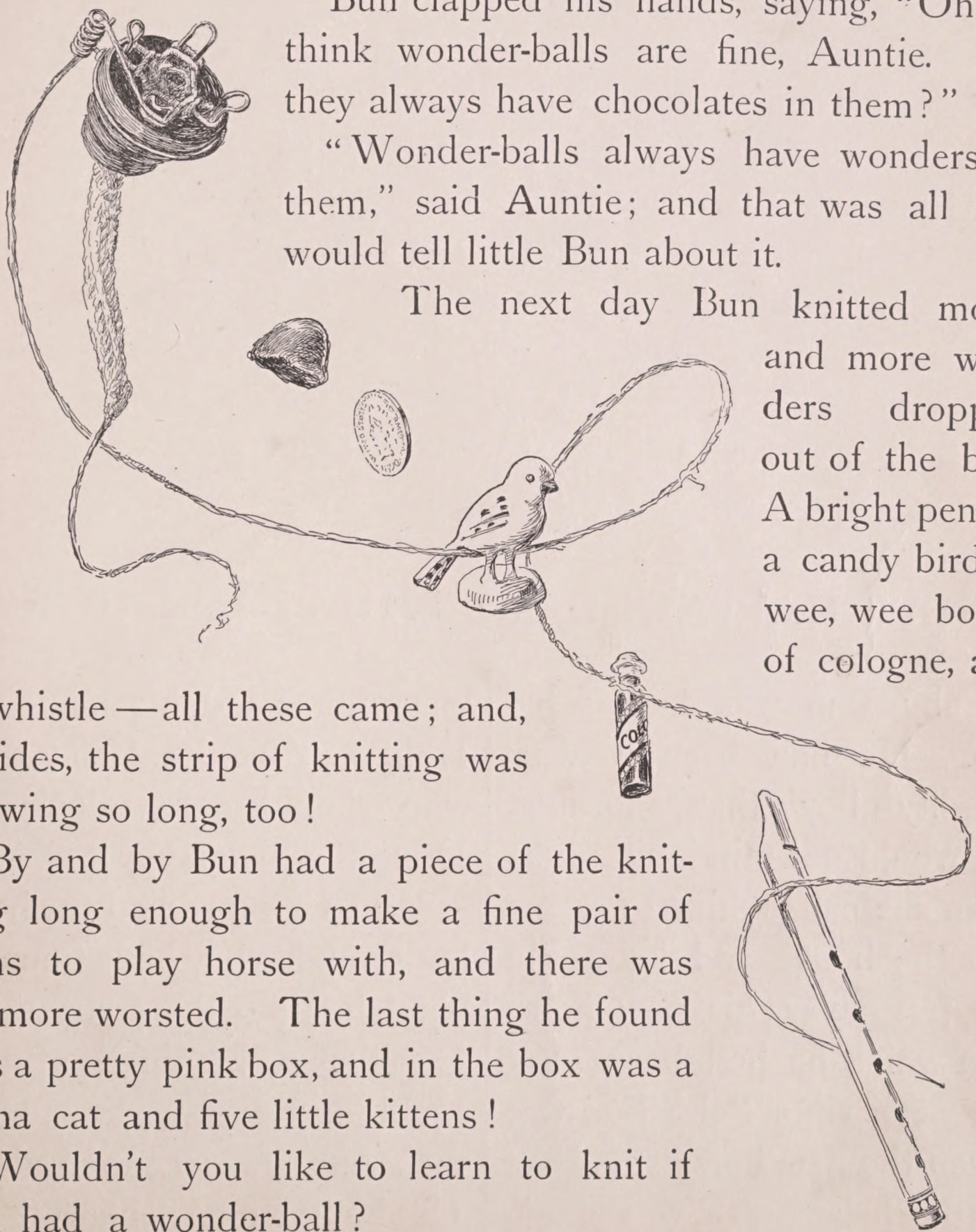
In a little while — a very little while, because it is so very nice and easy — Bun had learned to knit, using the worsted of his big wonder-ball, of course. That was what it was for, Auntie said.

Bun knitted and knitted. Suddenly, pop! out on the floor fell a little package. It was a chocolate. "I wonder where that came from," said Bun.

"You wonder?" said Auntie. "Why, wonders come out of wonder-balls. Don't you know that, little Bun?"

Bun clapped his hands, saying, "Oh! I think wonder-balls are fine, Auntie. Do they always have chocolates in them?"

"Wonder-balls always have wonders in them," said Auntie; and that was all she would tell little Bun about it.



The next day Bun knitted more, and more wonders dropped out of the ball. A bright penny, a candy bird, a wee, wee bottle of cologne, and a whistle—all these came; and, besides, the strip of knitting was growing so long, too!

By and by Bun had a piece of the knitting long enough to make a fine pair of reins to play horse with, and there was no more worsted. The last thing he found was a pretty pink box, and in the box was a china cat and five little kittens!

Wouldn't you like to learn to knit if you had a wonder-ball?

DONO AND DOBBIN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLACK HORSE.

Baby Bun was taking his nap. He had been a very naughty boy that morning. He would not mind his nurse when she called him to come into the house, and he would not put away his new horse with which he had been playing. So while Baby Bun was asleep the new horse stood out on the lawn. He was a big black horse and his name was Dobbin. As he stood there who should come along but Dono the big puppy!

When Dono spied the horse he thought he had found a playfellow; so he went up to Dobbin and sniffed at him. Dobbin did not stir. Dono then put a paw up and hit Dobbin; but the black horse

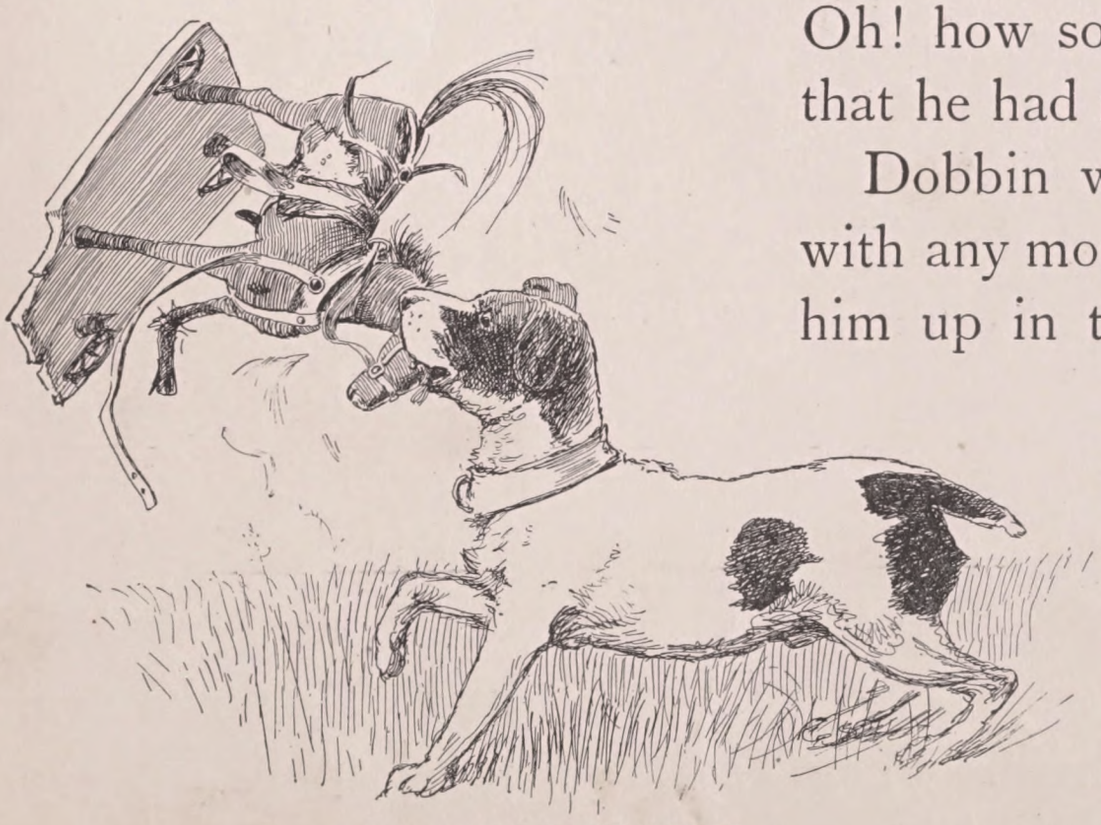
never even turned his head. Then Dono thought this the strangest animal he had ever seen. He began to play more roughly with it. He bit the shiny harness, took Dobbin's head into his mouth, jumped on him, rolled him over and over, pulled out his tail, and bit a great hole in his side.

Just then his master called, "Dono!" and Dono ran away.

After dinner Baby Bun went out to play again; but oh! what a pitiful-looking horse he found! Poor Dobbin was so scratched and torn and bitten that he could never be mended. Oh! how sorry Baby Bun was that he had not minded Nurse.

OH, HOW SORRY BABY WAS!

Dobbin was not fit to play with any more; but Nurse put him up in the toy closet, and whenever Bun fretted about having to put his playthings away, she only needed to point just once to poor Dobbin.

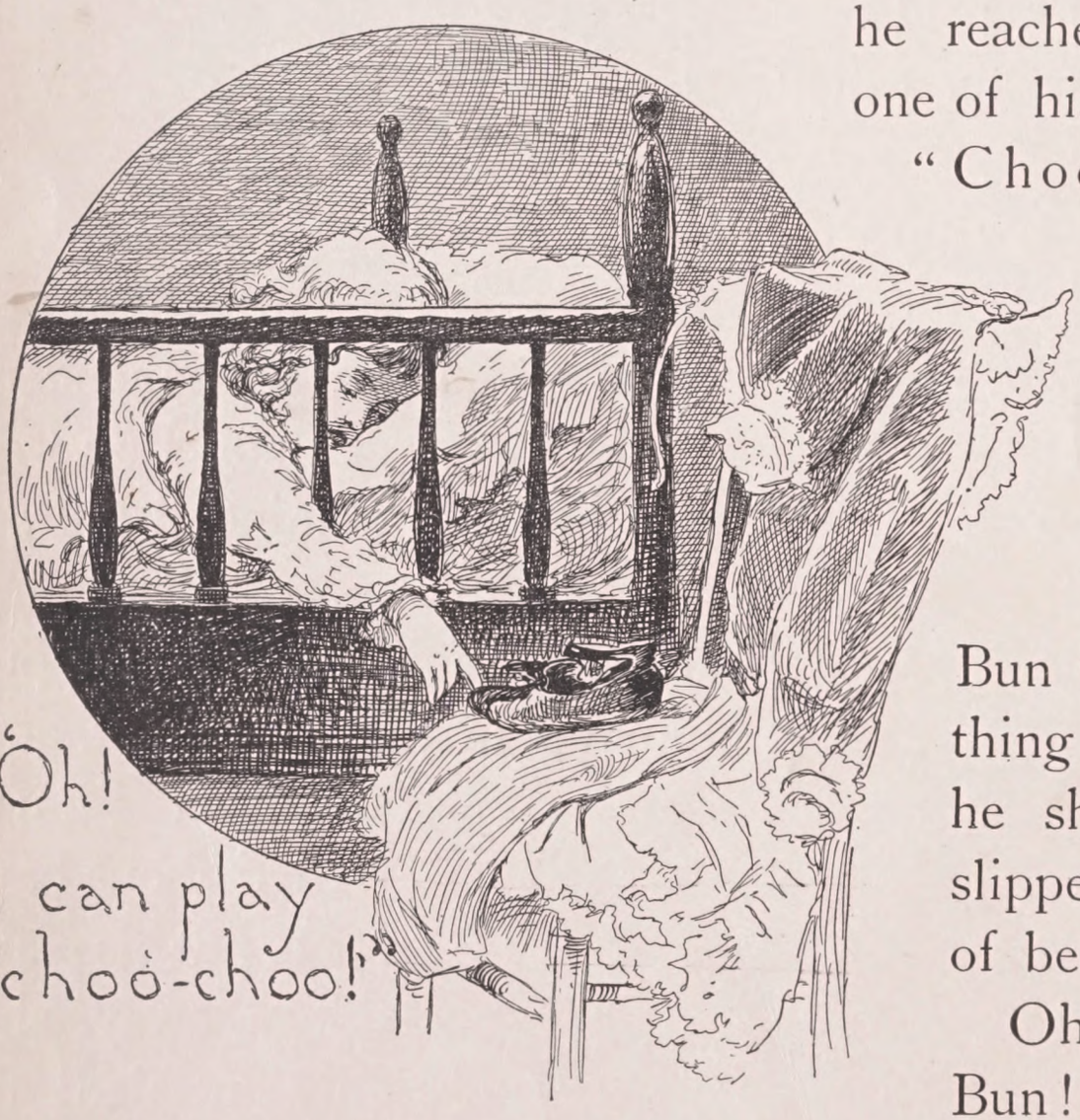


DONO INVESTIGATES DOBBIN.

NAUGHTY IN NAP TIME.

Baby Bun had been put to bed to take his nap. And Nurse had gone downstairs to get her dinner. All was quiet.

"I wish I didn't have to go to sleep," thought Baby Bun.



"I wish I had something here in my crib to play with!"

As he lay with his nose between the bars of his crib he saw his slippers on the chair near.

"Oh! I can play 'choo-choo!'" said Baby Bun; and he reached over and got one of his slippers.

"Choo-choo! choo-choo!" Up and down the crib went the red morocco train; but in a few minutes Baby Bun thought of something else. Suppose he should put on his slippers! And get out of bed!

Oh! naughty Baby Bun! Lie down again and go to sleep like a good child. But no — the red slip-

pers were soon on and Baby Bun clambered over the side of his crib to the chair.

Bump! Whack! Oh, what a hard hit his head got! And how it hurt! Baby Bun did not often cry, but this made the tears come.

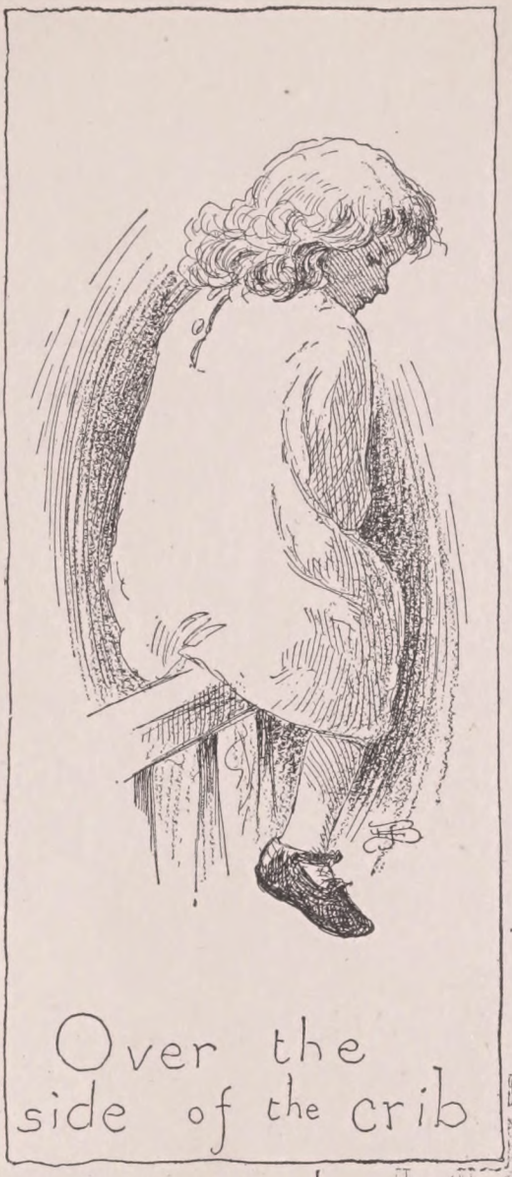
He got up and stood rubbing his poor little head. He did not want to play any more. He looked at his nice bed. "I think I will take my nap now," said Baby Bun.

When Nurse came to take him up he was fast asleep; but he soon waked.

"Why, you have your slippers on!" said Nurse.

Soon she found the bump; and then Baby Bun told her how he had played "choo-choo!" and climbed out of the crib and fallen off the chair.

The next day when he went to take his nap Baby Bun said, "You'd better take away the chair so I can't reach my slippers." And then he turned over and went to sleep as soon as he could.

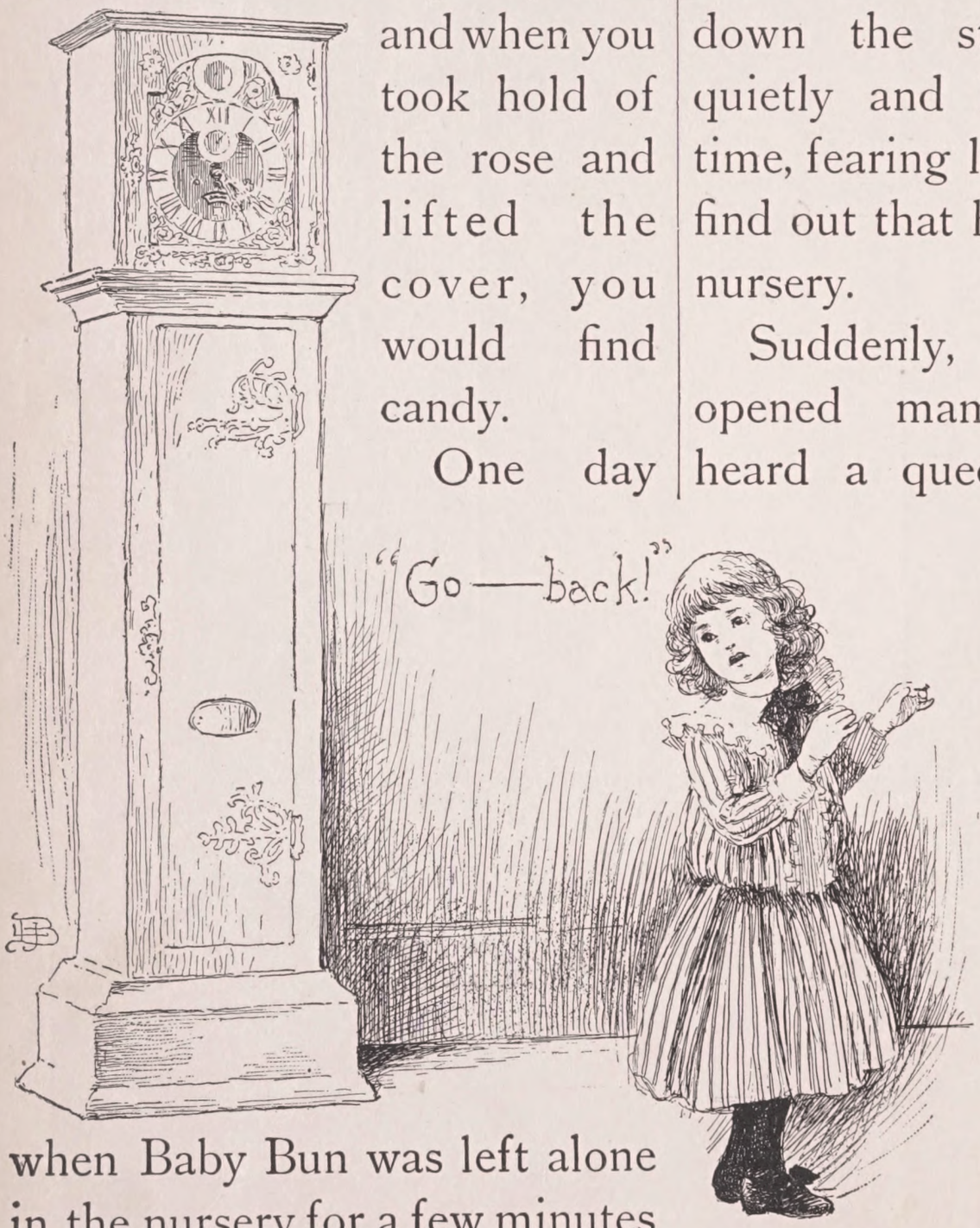


Over the side of the crib

THE TALKING CLOCK.

In mamma's room there was a china dish with a cover. On this cover was a pretty rose, and when you took hold of the rose and lifted the cover, you would find candy.

One day when Baby Bun was left alone in the nursery for a few minutes he happened to think of that dish of candy in mamma's room.



Mamma was not at home. Nurse was busy. Baby Bun went out into the hall and down the stairs. He went quietly and listened all the time, fearing lest Nurse should find out that he was not in the nursery.

Suddenly, just before he opened mamma's door, he heard a queer voice saying very slowly, "Go — back! Go — back!"

Baby Bun was frightened and looked all about, but he could see no one. Yet still that very slow, solemn, strange voice kept on, saying distinctly, "Go — back! Go — back!"

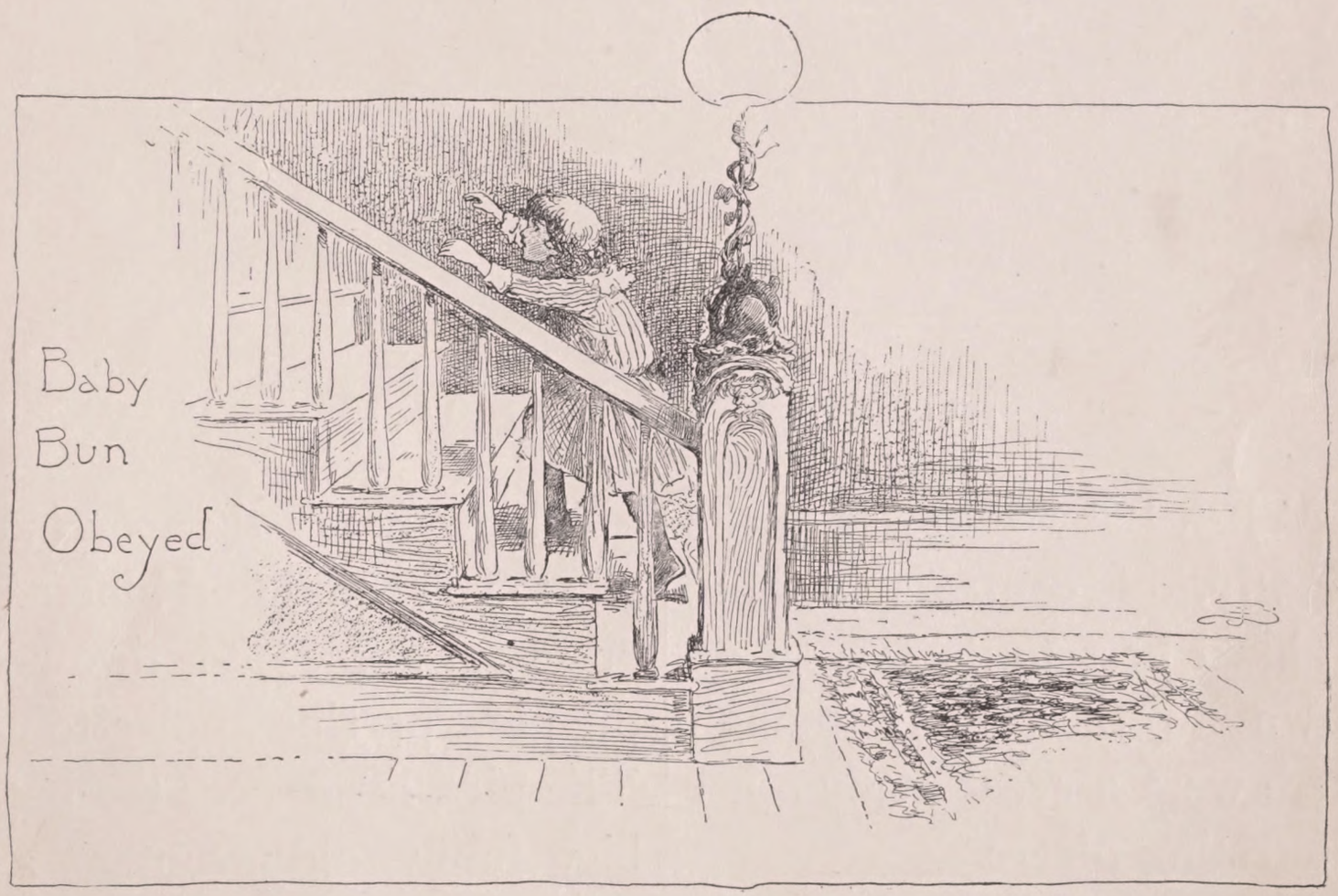
Baby Bun felt more and

more afraid. What should he do?

"Go — back! Go — back!" said the voice again.

And this time Baby Bun obeyed the command.

ever, he heard the front door close; and then his mamma called him. Down he ran, not stopping to listen this time; and you may be sure he told his mamma all about it.



He ran upstairs as fast as ever he could. He did not care if Nurse did hear him now. In fact he wanted very much to find her or somebody. Just as he reached the nursery, how-

His mamma was sorry he had been so naughty as to go to get the candy; but she told him it was the good old clock that spoke to him and told him to go back.

DOWN BY THE DUCK POND.

BUN AT THE FARM.

When Baby Bun was in the country, of course the thing he liked best to do was to go down to the farm; though there were a great many other interesting places.

For at the farm, there was everything, it seemed to Baby Bun. There were horses, and hay carts, and dump carts, and the carry-all. There were big barns with ladders to climb and with hay to jump into.

There was the orchard, where you could find blossoms, or green apples to throw to the pigs, or ripe apples to eat. The pigs lived near the barn; big, funny old grunters, and darling little pink piggies that were so cunning.

Baby's own garden was down at the farm, too; and the pastures — one for the cows, one for the calves, and one for the sheep; and be-

sides all this there was the poultry yard.

Baby Bun always threw corn to the hens and chickens, and looked in the nests for eggs, first; and then he would run down to the duck pond. This was not a real pond, but a small place arranged for the ducks to swim in.

Bun sailed boats there sometimes; but what he liked best was to keep the ducks swimming from one side of the pond to the other.

The ducks liked it for a little while, but they got tired of it before Baby Bun did.

One day, one of the largest ducks tried to get out. Baby Bun ran quickly round to the other side of the pond to chase him back into the water.

The ground was a little wet at the edge of the duck pond. Baby Bun was running fast and his foot slipped just at the brink of the water, and in he fell with a great splash.

The pond was not deep enough to be dangerous, but Baby Bun was well frightened. He screamed and gurgled

"DRIPPING LIKE A WATER-CART."

with his mouth full of water, and the ducks quacked in terror and waddled out and away as fast as ever they could.

Baby Bun had to walk home "dripping like a water-cart," as Nurse said. He has always been more careful since, when near the duck pond.

BUN CHASES THE RUNAWAY CHICKEN.

BUN AND MOTHER HEN.

Baby Bun went out to see the little chickens. It was safe for him to go out in the farmyard alone, for the horses were gone to the blacksmith's to get new shoes put on, and the cows were out in the fields.

"Be a good child, Bun, and nothing will hurt you," Baby's mamma had said; "and don't touch the chickens." So Baby Bun trotted off to the big cherry-tree where Mother Hen and the downy chickens lived.

There they were — the cunning, yellow things — just outside the coop. Mother Hen was out with them that morning, and she was cluck-clucking very earnestly to her babies; and what do you think she said? Why, just about what Baby Bun's mother had said to him: "Be good little chickens, and nothing will hurt you; and keep close to me."

But one little chick was naughty. He did not keep close to his mother but ran away.

Baby Bun ran after him and caught him. Baby only wanted to pet him, but he was frightened and began to cry. Mother Hen heard him, and when she saw that Baby Bun was holding him, she called out fiercely, "Cluck! cluck! cluck! cluck!" and this time it meant, "What are you doing to my child? Let him go!"

Baby Bun did not let the chicken go; he was so soft and yellow and cunning. Then Mother Hen flew up and pecked Baby Bun's cheek. This frightened Bun and he began to cry.

His mamma heard him, and came out. She took the little chicken away from Baby Bun and put him on the ground beside Mother Hen.

Then she said, "If you had not touched the chicken, Mother Hen would not have hurt you."

And Mother Hen just then was saying to her little one, "If you had kept close to me, Baby Bun would not have caught you."

And Baby Bun and the little chicken both knew that their mothers were right.

MOTHER HEN ATTACKS BABY BUN.

A SANTA CLAUS STORY.

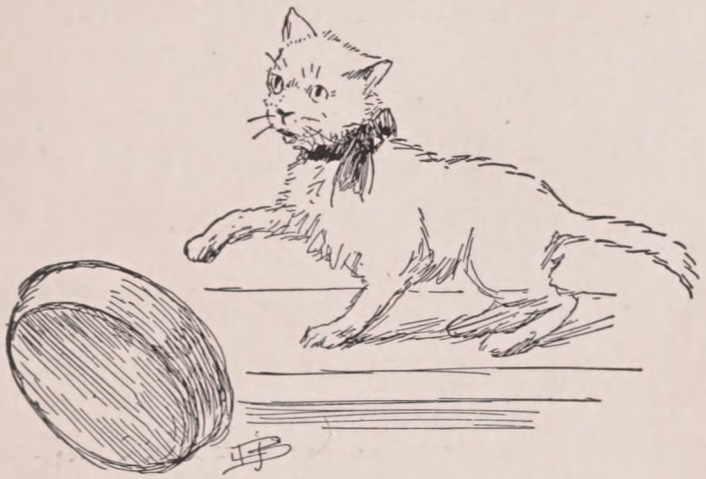
The night before Christmas Baby Bun's mamma told him a strange story about "The Dreadful Thing which might have Happened, and What Prevented it."

SANTA CLAUS WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

One Christmas Eve Santa Claus had to wait longer than usual for all the children to get to sleep, so that he could start out to fill the stockings. One of the windows in his room had a magic curtain. As long as there was a single child awake, this curtain remained rolled up; but when the last child had gone to sleep, down dropped the curtain, and off started Santa Claus.

Santa sat waiting, waiting, for the curtain to unroll. At last he began to doze and was soon sound asleep! When the curtain finally dropped, Santa Claus did not know it. The reindeer outside pawed and clattered noisily, but it did not waken him. The moments passed slowly. Could it be that the stockings would hang empty on Christmas morning?

But the dreadful thing which might have happened did not happen; and it was the White



THE WHITE KITTEN KNOCKS DOWN THE TIN PAN.

Kitten who prevented it. She saw the curtain drop and knew it was time for Santa to start. So she rubbed against her master and mewed her very loudest. She jumped upon the shelf and knocked down a tin pan. But even that did not wake him.

Then the White Kitten grew anxious and desperate.

"Santa Claus must be wakened, and there is no one but me to do it; it is my duty;" so saying, she gave a spring and caught her claws in his snow-white beard, giving it a quick jerk.

"Ow, ow!" shrieked Santa, jumping up. "What's the matter?"

No one answered. The White Kitten sat demurely washing her face.

"I must have been asleep and dreamed that some one pulled my beard," said Santa. "But it actually hurts still!—Why! why!! the curtain is down! I must be off!" And

THE WHITE KITTEN PULLS SANTA'S BEARD.

in less than a wink Santa was in his sleigh speeding away over the housetops.

HOW BUN CAUGHT A BIRD.

"See here," said cook to Baby Bun one day, "would you like to catch one of the

BUN'S SALT BAG.

little birds ye see hoppin' and singin' out on the lawn there?"

"They always fly away from me," said Baby Bun.

"It must be because ye never tried the salt," said cook. "Look here now!" She showed Baby Bun a small paper bag full of salt. "You just put a pinch of salt on the bird's tail, and then see if he flies away."

Baby Bun went out on the lawn. He looked about him as he walked, and suddenly he stopped.

He heard a little noise close to his feet. He looked down and there was a wee brown bird fluttering in the grass.

Baby Bun took a pinch of salt out of the bag with his fat, fumbling little fingers. The little bird had not yet flown away. "Hold still, birdie," said Baby Bun. "Hold still while I put the salt on your tail!"

Then a shout of delight was heard. "I've caught him! I've caught him! I put the salt on his tail!"

Every one rushed to see

what Baby Bun had caught. It really was a little bird—a baby sparrow. There it lay in Baby Bun's hands, a throbbing little bunch of feathers, with a pitiful "peep-peep."

The big brothers brought a cage from the attic, and the frightened birdie was put into it. As he hopped about, one brown wing trailed along the bottom of the cage.

"Why, his wing is broken," said Auntie. "Poor Birdie! No wonder he couldn't fly away!"

"O, no, Auntie," said Baby Bun, "that is not the reason! I put salt on his tail!"

Auntie smiled.

WHEN BUN FELL INTO THE DUCK-POND.

(*See page 49.*)

BUN'S HAPPY EASTER.

LAST Easter day when Baby Bun went to get his good-morning kiss from mamma, she pinned a bunch of flowers on his white dress. "That's for Easter," said she.

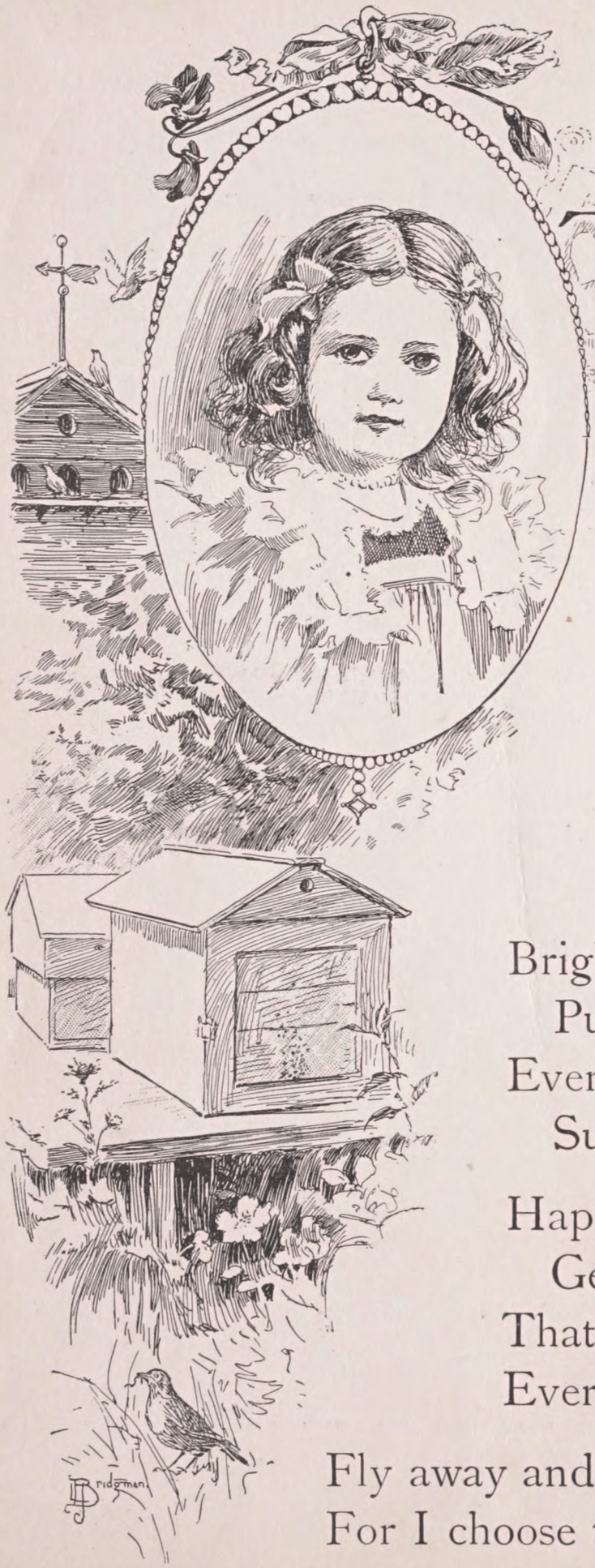
At breakfast Bun found a pretty card at his plate. It was a picture of a cunning yellow chicken looking into an empty egg-shell as if saying, "*Who* could *ever* live in such a *little* house as *that?*"

The next surprise Bun found in the library. "Baby, see! Here's your Easter present from grandmamma!" said Sister, as she gave him a box. Bun took off the cover, and there was a pretty white rabbit, with long ears, pink eyes, and a short tail! The rabbit felt heavy as Bun lifted him from the box, and something rattled. "Oh! I know," said Bun; "he is like my Santa Claus elephant. There's candy in him!" He pulled at Rabbit's head, and soon off it came and out rolled the candies. Bun could only eat a very little one just then; but after dinner

he had three more snow-white candies.

In the afternoon Baby Bun went to church for the first time; and, as a plant was given to every child in the church, Bun, too, received one. His plant was full of little pink blossoms and buds. He carried it home himself, and put it in the nursery window.

The last thing tired happy little Bun said that night was, "Oh! I like Easter — and flowers — and rabbits — and everything!"



The Lovable Child.

Frisky as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Every one rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Every one will love.

Fly away and seek her, little song of mine,
For I choose that very girl as my Valentine.

POLITENESS.

A BOY went out to walk one day,
And met a lady on his way;
His cap was quickly off his head:
"Good morning," pleasantly he said.

A little girl went walking too,
And met a lady whom she knew;

With quick politeness then the child
"Good morning" said, and bowed and smiled.

And thus should lads and lasses greet
Whatever friends they chance to meet,
If they would show politeness true.
Now, who'll remember this? Will *you?*

I've had another birthday,
I'm very old indeed;
And father said this morning
I ought to learn to read.

So now I think I'll study—
No, Kitty, run away!
When folks are busy reading
They do not care to play.

When father comes this evening,
And hears me read aloud,
Just like big brother Henry,
Won't he be pleased and proud?

O Dot, please stop your singing!
Of course you didn't know;
But when I want to study
The noise disturbs me so.

It's strange about this reading—
It takes so very long.
I wonder what's the matter!
Perhaps the book is wrong.

And there's my doggie barking
And whining all about.
Poor fellow! he's so lonesome!
I surely must go out.

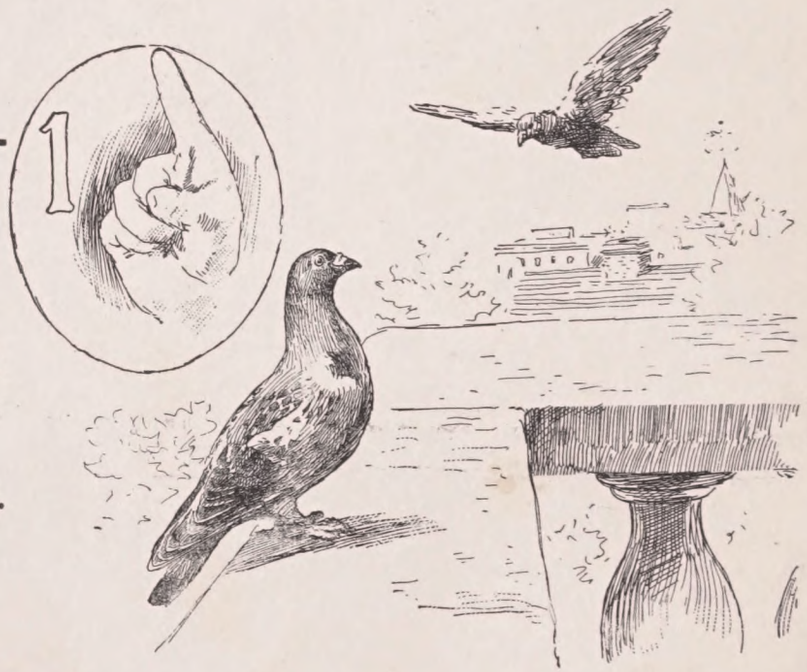
But when my dog is older,
And doesn't need me,—*then*
I'll stay in all the morning,
And study hard again.

"POOR FELLOW! HE'S SO LONESOME, I SURELY MUST GO OUT."

A Lesson in Numbers.

I HAVE a little lesson
In numbers every day;
And, if you like, I'll tell you
The kind I have to say —
I call them play.

There was a little pigeon,
And when he said, "Coo-coo!"
Another little pigeon
Close down beside him flew.
Then there were TWO.

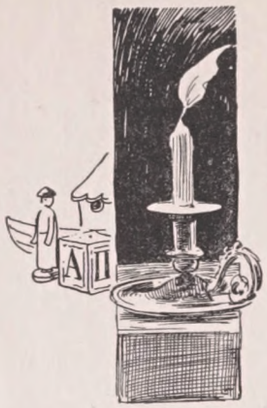


Two pretty ships were sailing,
As grandly as could be;
And "Ship ahoy!" another
Sailed out upon the sea.
Then there were THREE.

I had a pretty rose-bush
That grew beside my door;
Three roses bloomed upon it,
And soon there came one more.
Then there were FOUR.

Four bees a-gathering honey—
The busiest things alive;
And soon there came another
From out the crowded hive.
Then there were FIVE.

Those last were rather hard ones—
The roses and the bees;
But my mamma says, "Numbers
Get harder by degrees;"
Harder than these!



Mamma's Game.

As the day slips away,
Let me tell you what to play:

Leave your toys, girls and boys,
Come without a bit of noise.

Off with clothes — Nursie knows
What's the costume I propose.

"All in white?" That is right!
Now the bedroom candles light.

Jump in here,—never fear,—
Play you are a sailor, dear.

In this boat you may float
Off to Slumberland remote.

Then wee Fred wisely said,
"Ho! your play means 'go to bed.'"

THE TOYS AT LIBERTY.

WHAT THE WOODEN SOLDIER DID.

There was once a Toy Closet where a great many Toys lived. One night when the clock struck twelve, click! went the latch of the Toy Closet, and out stepped a Wooden Soldier.

"Aha!" said he with a chuckle, "we are to have a holiday!"

Then he turned and climbed nimbly (although you wouldn't expect it of a Wooden Soldier!) over the Toy Closet shelves. As fast as he touched the Toys they roused to life, and came out, running and jumping, rolling and tumbling, till the Toy Closet was empty.

Once out in the nursery, the Old Toys welcomed the New Toys whom Santa Claus had brought the night before, and began to give them advice.

"You must be sure to break whenever you have a chance," said they. "It is hard, but it is the only way to teach children to be careful."

"What!" shrieked the New Toys in chorus, "break!"

"O, yes!" said a Jumping Jack. He had only half a head, one arm and no legs. "Toys have their duty as well as People. If children drop us, or hit us, or play with us in foolish, careless ways, we must show them that it is wrong. Some of us have to break, and some of us who can't break have to lose ourselves."

The Toys, new and old, looked very solemn at this; and the new Walking Doll said mournfully, "Ah! then I shall not live a day, for I am very delicate."

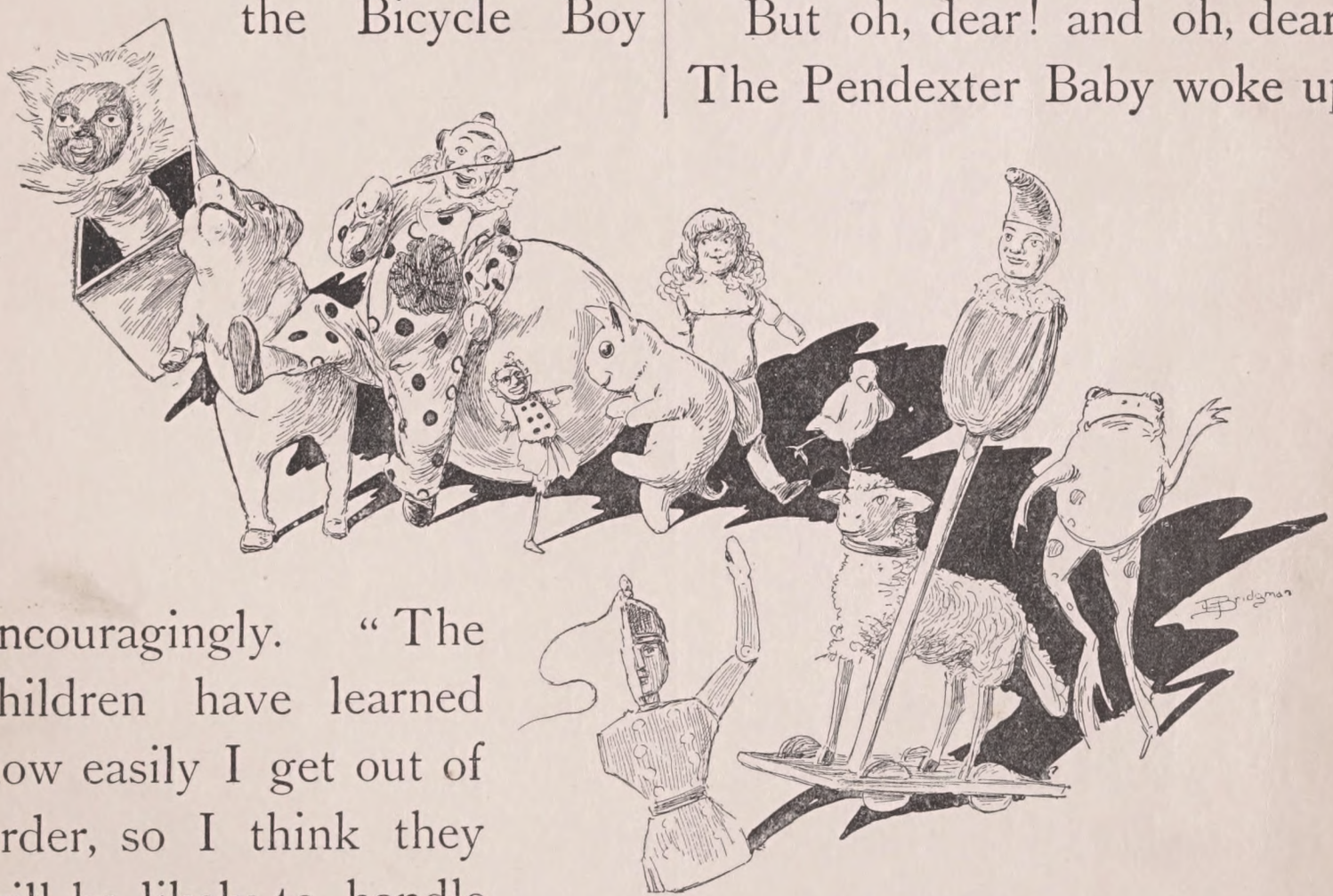
"O, perhaps you will," said the Bicycle Boy encouragingly. "The children have learned how easily I get out of order, so I think they will be likely to handle you quite carefully."

"I'm glad I can't break," said a Rubber Ball; "but I will run away and hide! I like that!"

"Come, come, we've been sober long enough," said the Hoop, waltzing up. "Let's have music and dancing."

"O, yes!" shouted all the Toys. So the Music Box began to play and the whole company was soon dancing merrily.

But oh, dear! and oh, dear! The Pendexter Baby woke up and began to cough; and the Toys had just time to scramble back into the Closet before the nurse came past the door.



JUST BEFORE THE BABY WOKE.

OUT AGAIN.

THE TEN PIN AND THE WALKING DOLL.

"That was a merry dance we had the other night," said an old Ten Pin to the Walking Doll the next time the Toys had a holiday.

"O, yes! delightful," she answered. "Only the hurry at the last was so agitating! What if the nurse had caught us!"

The Ten Pin looked grave. "That would indeed have been terrible," he said; "for we are under the same laws as fairies and must not be seen at our sports. If we were once seen, we should never get another holiday."

"How dreadful!" said the Walking Doll, clutching her pink parasol nervously; "but I trust it will never happen. Do we always sleep in the Toy Closet?"

"Almost always," answered a Battledore. "Sometimes one of us is left around the house, and that is frightfully lonely. And sometimes we are just THROWN into the closet. My Brother Battledore got a bad hole in his face that way. Still, we ought to be thankful. Some poor Toys have no Closet which they can call their own; and, worse than that, some toys have to be played with by children who don't care if they do break them!"

A murmur of horror ran through the company.

"Yes; it is true," said the Dump Cart. "I have heard of such things. But the little Pendexters are only thoughtless, not cruel."

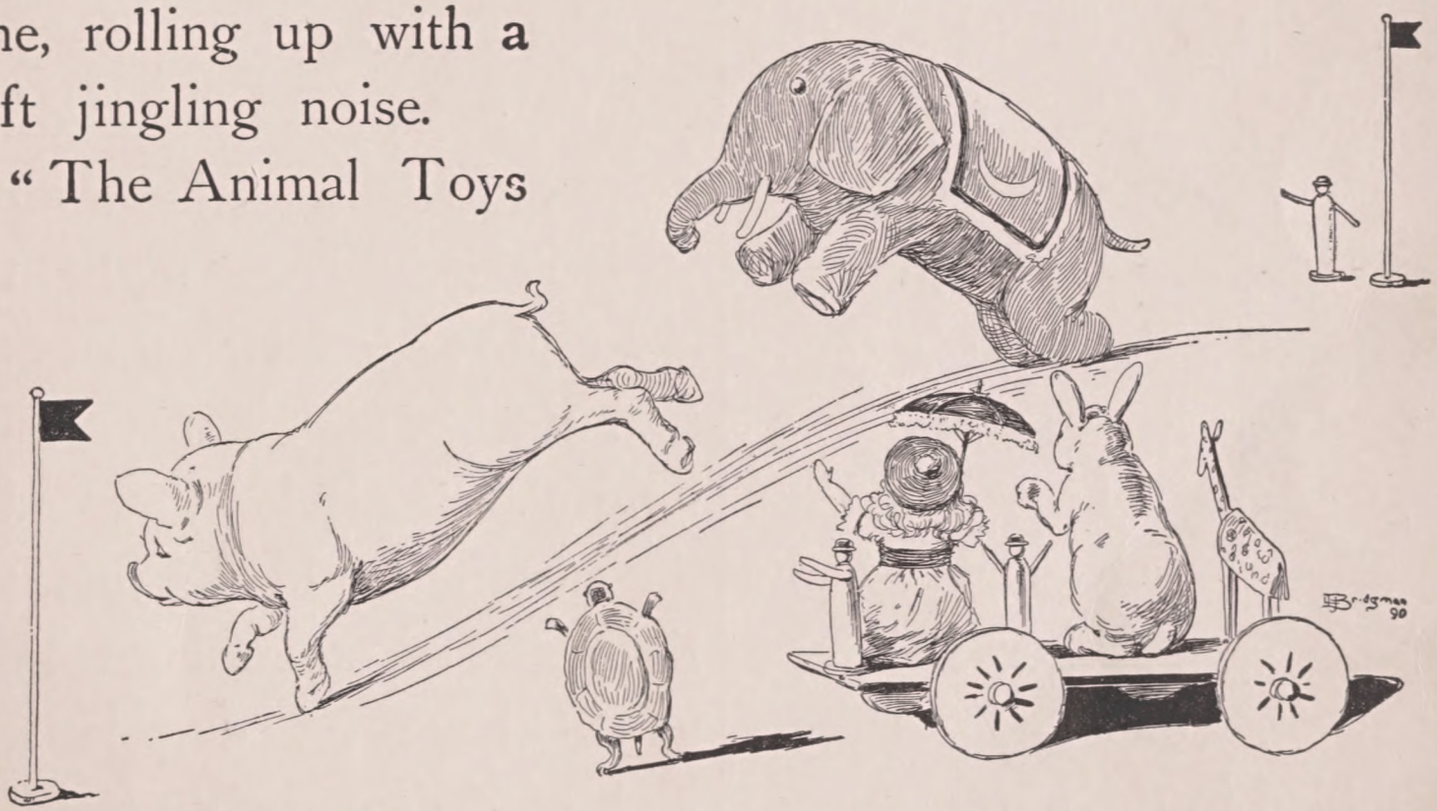
"What shall we play to-night?" asked the Tambourine, rolling up with a soft jingling noise.

"The Animal Toys have planned a circus," said one of the Battledore Brothers. "Yes—see! they are all ready. Let's take our places."

The circus began. First came a race between the Paris Pig and the Canton Flannel Elephant. The Paris Pig won. He was a tremendous fellow, as fat as a real pig, but so light that the Pendexter baby could lift him and toss him about.

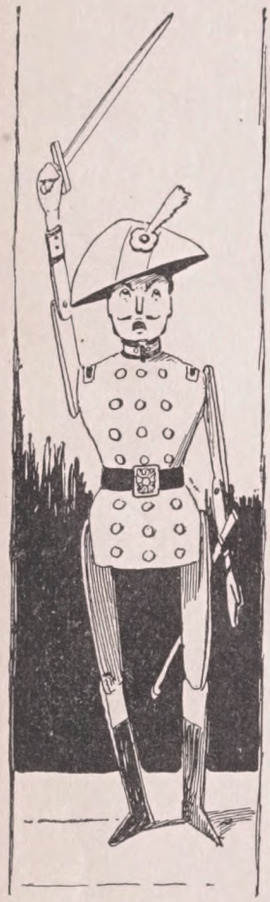
After this the China Rabbit Mother and the Jumping Frog had a leaping match.

Then the horses, led by Black Prince, went through some tricks; and after that there were more races. And then it was time for the Toys to go back to their Closet.



THE RACE BETWEEN THE PARIS PIG AND THE CANTON FLANNEL ELEPHANT.

THE DOLL'S PLAN.



THE CAPTAIN.

"Attention! Order!" shouted a voice. It was the Captain of the Wooden Soldiers who spoke. The whole company of Toys paused to listen.

They had been awakened by the Rubber Ball, and one and all were assembled in the nursery.

"I will introduce Miss Rosy, who has a plan to propose," said the Captain, bowing to Miss Rosy, a yellow-headed dolly, the dearest and oldest of all the dolls that the Pendexter children owned.

Miss Rosy stepped forward. She was blushing so that her cheeks were quite pink, although the paint had been washed off them long ago.

"You know I am often down to tea in the schoolroom," said she. "Last night the children and their governess told stories, and it was so delightful. So quiet, too, that I thought it would be just the right sort of entertainment for us to have on our holiday nights. What think you?"

"Oh! but dancing is such fun! I am just longing for another whirl," said the Top.

"But there is a risk about it. Some one might be awakened by the music," said the Box of Blocks. He was a rather clumsy dancer.

"Yes, and it's a good deal like play, after all," added the Jumping Jack. "And since we must play almost all day, I should like a change at night."

"Suppose we try it next time, at any rate," said Rosy.

The other Toys looked at Rosy admiringly, and the Bicycle Boy said, "What a wise person you are, Miss Rosy."

But Rosy was not a bit proud; she said, "Oh! if I know anything, it is only be-

MISS ROSY PROPOSES A PLAN.

All the Toys agreed to this. "But who shall tell the story?" asked the Bicyle Boy.

"Oh! I know how we could decide that," said Rosy. "It could be the one who hears the clock strike."

cause I am in the schoolroom so much. Is it agreed, then, that the one who hears the clock strike twelve shall tell us a story next time?"

"Agreed! agreed!" said the Toys.

THE PARIS PIG.

THE PIG AND HIS MISTRESS.

The Paris Pig had waked first this time; and as soon as the Toys had had their fun talking together he was called upon for his story.

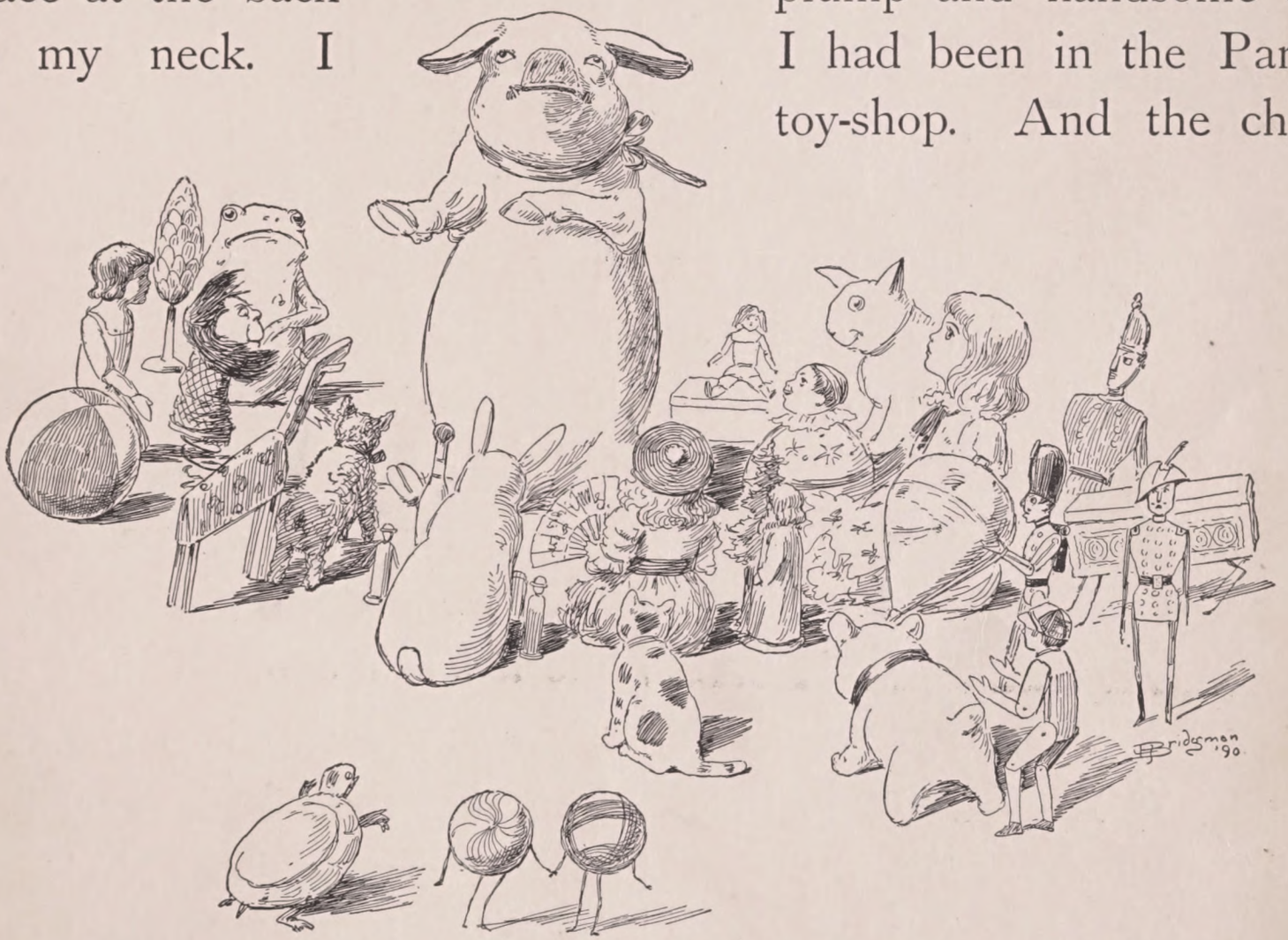
"I used to live in Paris," said he. "And when the Pendexter children's Uncle Tom was in Paris, he came into the toyshop where I was. 'I must take something home to the children,' said Uncle Tom; 'and I should certainly take that Pig if he were not such a big fellow!' 'Oh!' said the shopman, 'this Pig can travel in your pocket, or in a very, very small box. Let me show you,' and the shop-keeper began fumbling at the back of my neck.

"The back of my neck is a very sensitive place, I think; for I always grow faint when it is meddled with.

"I gave one long, long squeal, at which Uncle Tom and the shop-keeper only laughed. The shop-keeper stroked and pinched and squeezed me, and I grew smaller and smaller and smaller. My tail lost its curl, my legs became flabby and I could not stand, my head shrunk, my sides collapsed, and as my long-drawn squeal ended in a faint 'wh' I was nothing but a crumpled skin in the shop-keeper's hand.

"After that I knew nothing

for a long time. At last I heard voices. 'Let's give him a good blowing up for looking like this,' said Uncle Tom; and he put his lips to that place at the back of my neck. I began to revive very quickly. My sides swelled out, I held up my head, my legs grew stout again, and my tail soon curled around as gracefully as ever. Uncle Tom got very red in the face, the children said; but I am sure he did not feel as if he had wasted his breath, for I was as round and plump and handsome as I had been in the Paris toy-shop. And the children's welcome repaid me for all I had suffered."



THE PARIS PIG TELLS HIS STORY.

The Paris Pig then made a modest bow, and the Toys crowded around with thanks.

THE EGG THAT HATCHED BROWNIES.

PUSS–BACK.

Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap! The Brownies were awake and were trying to open the box in which they slept. They soon had the cover off; and, as there were four of them, it took very little time to rouse the rest of the Toys.

Brownies must have their fun, though; so, instead of just touching the Toys to waken them, they gave little tweaks and pinches; and, finally, all four crept behind the Paris Pig and gave him such a push that it sent him flying down to the floor, where he rolled over and over. But he only smiled and winked at the Brownies, enjoying the joke as much as they did.

The Brownie with the swallow-tailed coat was the one to tell the story.

"You all know," he began, "that we sleep in a box shaped like a large egg. When this egg was presented to the children, they thought it must be a box of candy; but 'No,' said the eldest boy, 'it is not heavy enough.' Then they thought it was empty; but 'No,' said little Peggy, 'I hear something rattle.' Then each child had to take the egg and shake it, to hear it rattle; and oh, dear

me! what a shaking we did get. Then they all tried to open the egg, but they couldn't; and their nurse tried and she couldn't; and the governess tried and she couldn't; and their mamma tried and she couldn't; and their papa tried and he couldn't.

"So they were all discouraged and left the egg standing on the library table.

"At night, fortunately, we awoke; and by prying and hammering with all our might we loosened the cover.

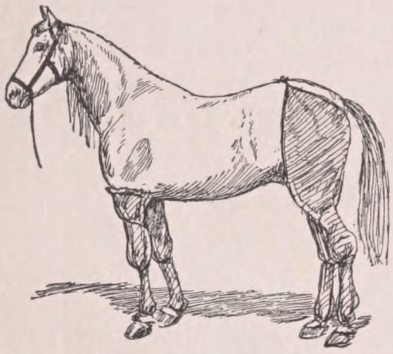
"In the morning, when little Peggy shook the egg, off came the top and out we all tumbled!

"And little Peggy shouted, 'Oh! the egg has hatched Brownies!'

"They never knew we had loosened the cover ourselves."

THE EGG AND THE BROWNIES.

THE BLACK HORSE TELLS A STORY.



LADY SNOW.

"Thank you very much for waking me up first," said the Black Horse, nodding at the Nursery Clock. "I have a fine story to tell!

"You probably do not know that I was away from home last night," he continued, turning to the Toys, "but I spent the night at the stable — the real stable, I mean. I was very much frightened when I found that little Roger had gone away and left me there; but I was glad afterwards, for I had such a good time.

"The animals treated me very handsomely, and we became very good friends. They gave me some hay and oats" — here the Black Horse whinnied with delight — "and they put me through my paces.

"I have so little practice that I was afraid I should not do well; but they said that I trotted and cantered and galloped as if I had the free use of my legs every day.

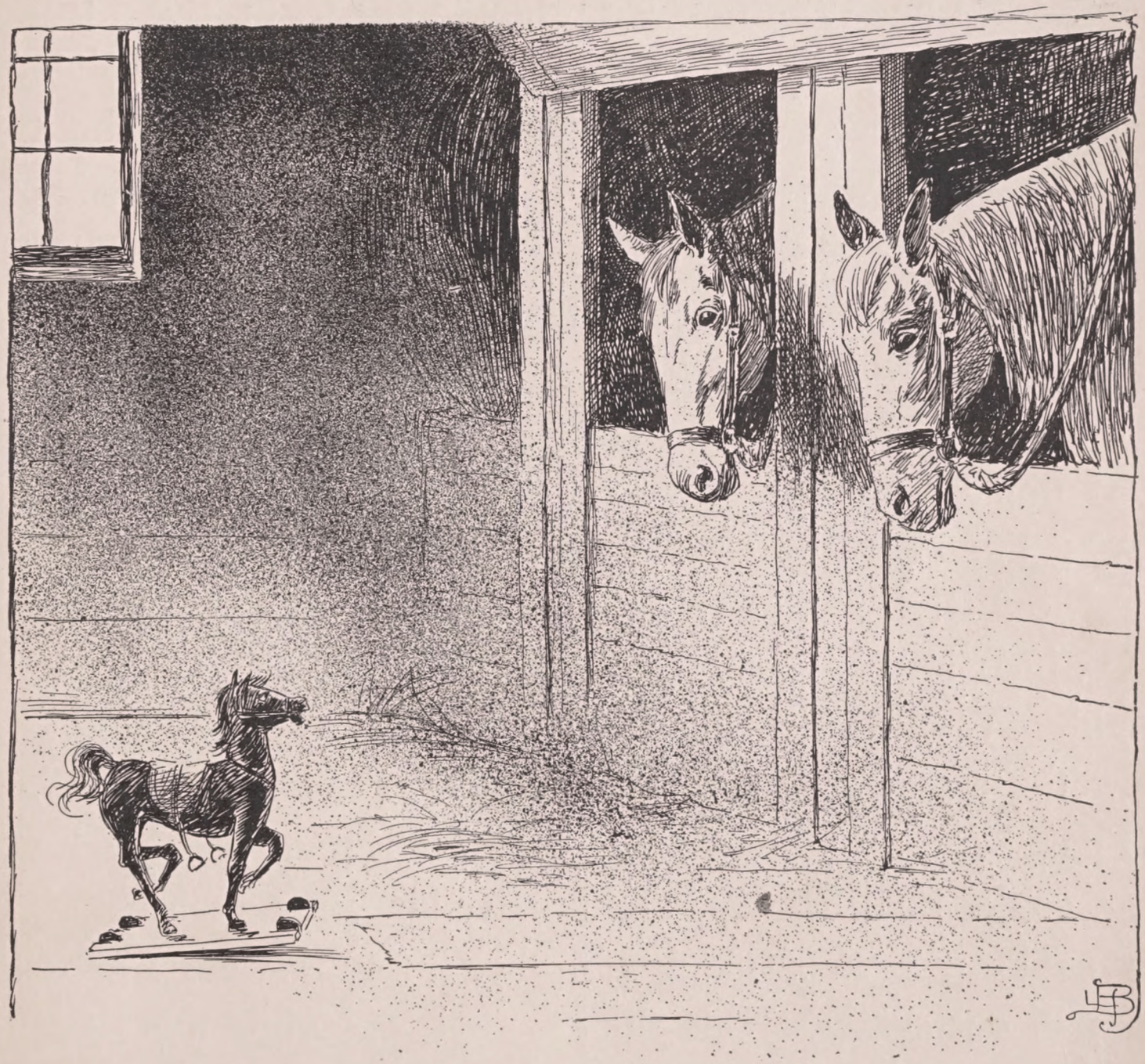
"They seemed to be a very happy family. There were Dick and Dandy, the old pair; and Puck and Ariel, the new pair; and Felix, the saddle horse; and Tom-tom, the pony; and Barney, the donkey; and Lady Snow.

"I must tell you about Lady Snow. She is a pure white horse, but she says her snowy suit is a great trouble to her.

She can't take a comfortable roll without getting a scolding from the groom for getting dirty. And at night she has to wear trousers on all her legs to keep them clean. She looks so funny!

"This morning little Roger came to the stable early, to get me. I tried to look calm, but he said, 'How your eyes shine, Black Prince! Have you been talking with the other horses?'

"Of course, I didn't tell!"



BLACK PRINCE IN THE STABLE.

ALMOST CAUGHT!

THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

The White Duck was certainly a beautiful creature.

She was all white except for a collar of dark green feathers about her neck, and her broad yellow beak, and her yellow webbed feet.

At one time she was very heavy; but after the children found out the secret of her left wing she rapidly lost weight. Would you like to know the secret?

The White Duck's left wing could be lifted up, and you could put your hand in and pull out candy! But the candy was all gone long ago, of course.

The White Duck really felt a little shy about telling a story, though she was pleased to find herself the first one awake.

She was paddling about in a bowl of water which stood on a small table opposite the Nursery door.

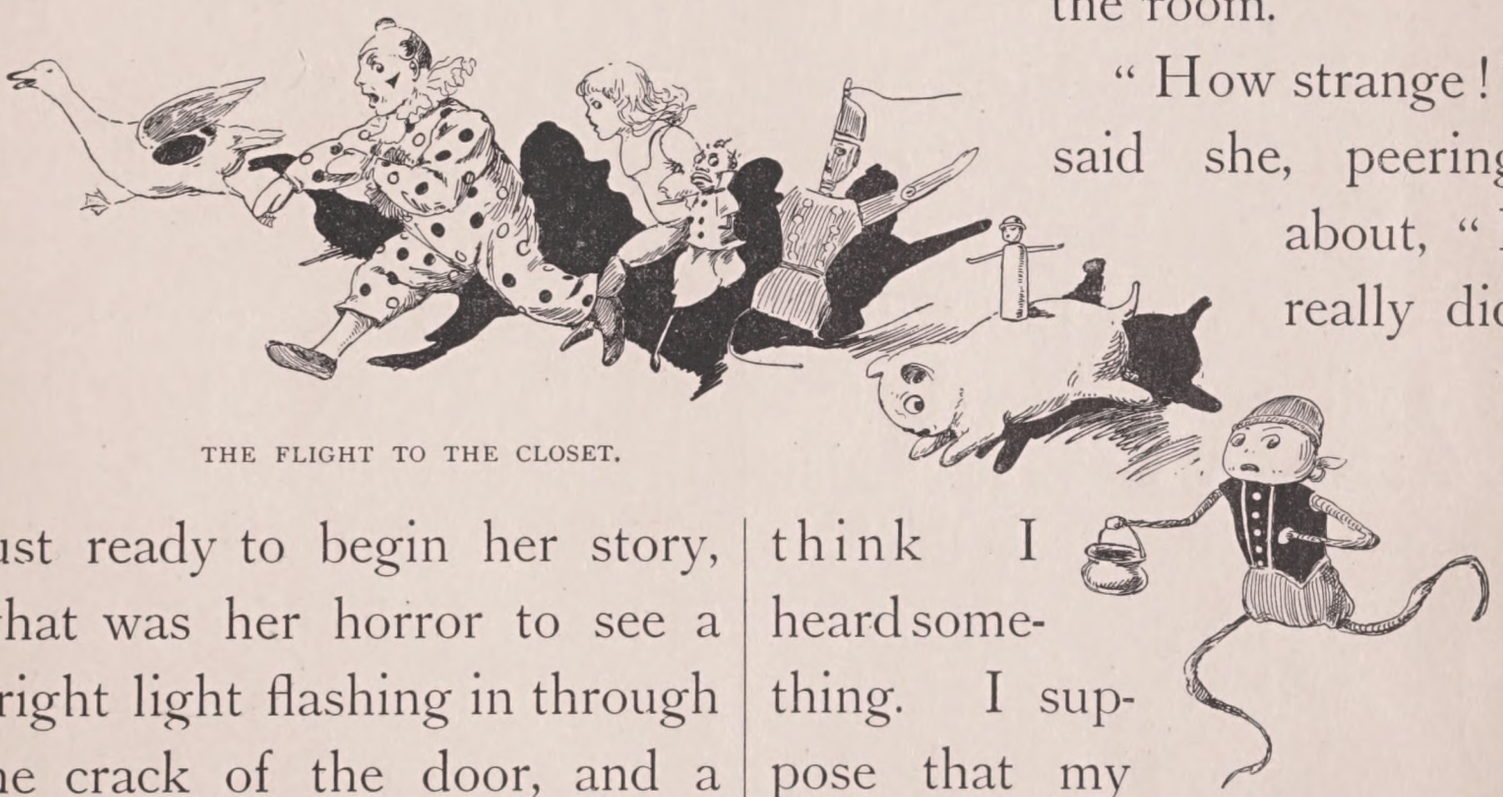
The three Brownies were sitting on the Paris Pig's back. The China Rabbit Family sat sedately under the dump cart. The Bicyle Boy held the Rubber Baby in his lap; and the Captain of the Wooden Soldiers sat so close to the Walking Doll that his head was under her pink parasol. The other Toys were grouped around, enjoying the freedom of sitting or standing as they liked.

"It is so seldom I get any water to swim in," said the

White Duck, "that I am sure you will excuse my remaining here while I tell my story."

"Yes, indeed," the other Toys said. They were glad she could have the pleasure.

As the White Duck cleared her throat and glanced about just ready to begin her story, what was her horror to see a bright light flashing in through the crack of the door, and a white-robed figure standing there.



THE FLIGHT TO THE CLOSET.

With a gasp of terror the White Duck scrambled from the bowl and fled to the Toy Closet.

The other Toys did not wait to see what had frightened her, but followed in such mad haste that they almost got on the wrong shelves. The clumsy Box of Blocks was the last to get in his place, and he had not time to fasten the door before the Nurse walked into the room.

"How strange!" said she, peering about, "I really did think I heard something. I suppose that my toothache makes me nervous."

She then went into the other rooms; and, finding the children sleeping soundly, she went back to bed.

But the Toys were too much frightened to come out again.

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-HOPPING GO.

After the dreadful fright that the Toys had on the night when the White Duck was to tell her story, there was a long, long time without a holiday.

At last, one night, something hopped stealthily from the Toy Closet to the nursery door.

It was the Green-and-Yellow Frog who could hop about in a very froggy and wonderful manner in the daytime when he was wound up, and in a still more froggy and wonderful manner at night without being wound up. He listened and listened as he sat there by the nursery door. He could hear the steady breathing which showed that nurse and children were all soundly sleeping. The Frog hopped back to the Toy Closet and soon had the other Toys gathered about him to hear his story.

"When I first came here," said the Frog, "a Toy Frog who could hop was a great curiosity, and the children used to keep me hopping most of the time.

"One day Bella had just wound me up when some one called 'Bella!'

"'Oh! there's Helen Burr,' said Bella; and, forgetting that I must hop as soon as I got a chance, she put me down on the window-sill and flew to

meet Helen. The window was open. Out I hopped!

"At last I alighted in some grass as green as myself.

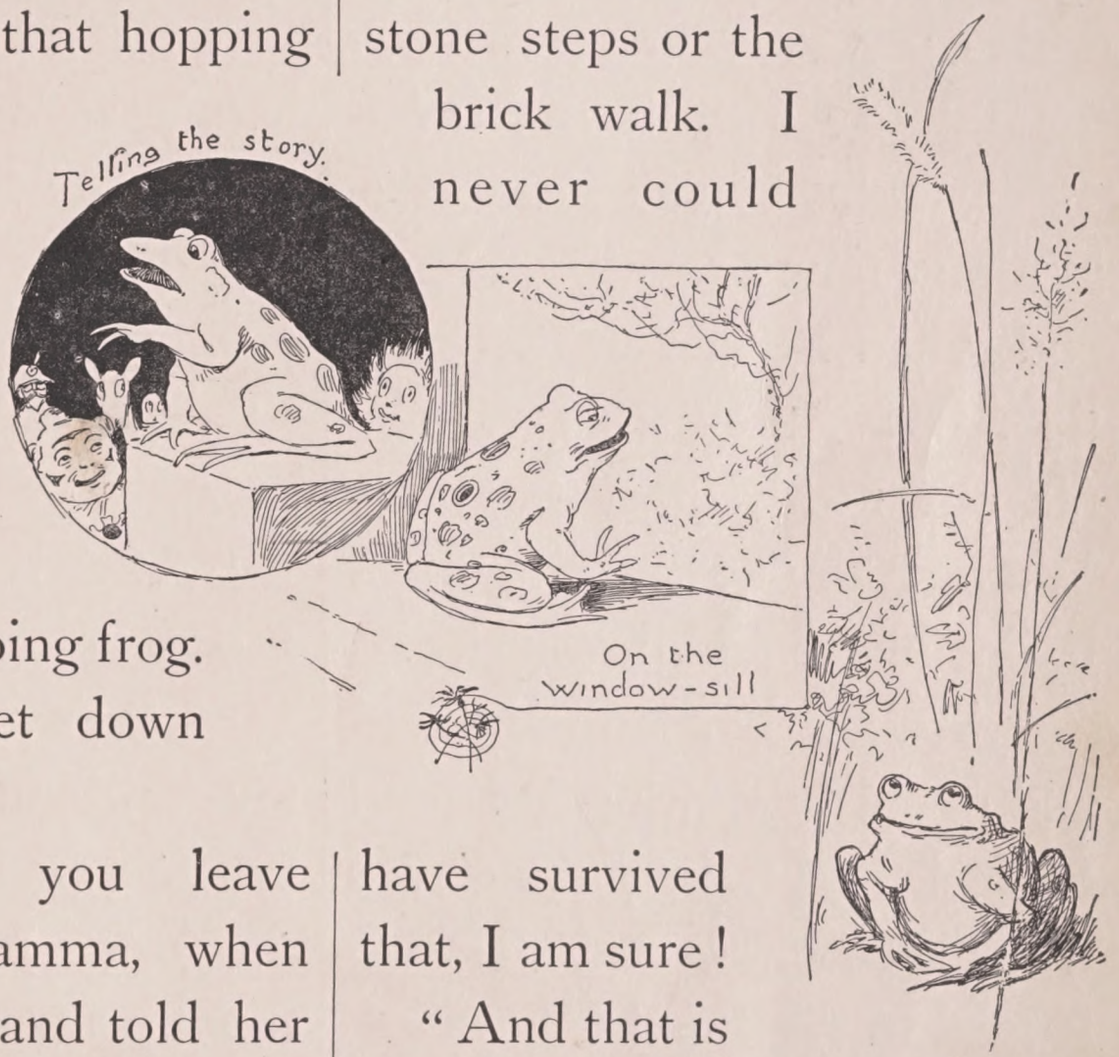
"By this time Bella and Helen had come out to play.

"'Oh! what is that hopping in the grass?' said Helen.

"Bella looked where Helen pointed. 'Oh! oh! oh!' she cried, 'it's my precious little hopping frog. How did he get down here?'

"'Where did you leave him?' asked mamma, when Bella took me in and told her about finding me in the grass. It was soon discovered that I had been left by an open window.

"Every one was astonished to find that I could hop as well as ever. Why I did not break all to pieces I can not tell; but I merely felt a little dizzy from whirling about in the air. It was lucky for me that I did not fall on the stone steps or the brick walk. I never could have survived that, I am sure!



"And that is the most wonderful adventure I ever had," concluded the Frog; "and ever since that time the children have called me 'The Frog Who Would a-Hopping Go.'"

THE VOYAGE OF THE WATERLILY.

THE WATERLILY.

"My story is a true one," said the toy ship whose name was *Waterlily*.

"A long time ago, when Henry and Allan Pendexter were little fellows, they used to take me out nearly every fine day. We went to one of the fountain basins in the Public Garden.

"At first they led me round and round by a string. I used to feel my sails puffing out with the wind, and how I longed to get free.!

"One day Uncle Tom came along on the walk.

"'Ship ahoy!' said he. 'Heave away, there! The *Waterlily* is not a cart to be dragged about in that way!'

"So Uncle Tom took off the string, set my rudder, and away I went as proud and happy as any real ship that ever sailed the ocean.

"'Three cheers for the *Waterlily!*' said Uncle Tom. 'That's the way for a boat to sail.'

"After that I never had to submit to the string again.

"One day the boys left all my sails up when a strong breeze was blowing. Besides, the fountain was throwing out more water than usual. I tipped away over on my side to show my young captains that I had too much sail for the strong wind. But they only thought it more fun; and the more I tipped, the more

they clapped their hands and shouted.

"Suddenly the wind struck my sails so as to send me right to the middle of the pond. I keeled over on my side, and the water from the fountain dashed down upon my sails, making them too heavy for me to lift. There I lay helpless.

"Henry and Allan did not know what to do. The Big Policeman tried to reach me with his club, but it wasn't half long enough.

"However, the Policeman would not give it up. He brought two of the Garden settees and put them into the pond. Then he walked out on them, reached me with his club, and dragged me to him.

THE POLICEMAN TRIES TO RESCUE THE WATERLILY.

"So I was saved; and that's the end of *my* story," concluded the *Waterlily*.

Then away trooped the Toys, and soon all was quiet in the Nursery.

HOW THE WAX DOLL SAVED PEGGY.

THE WAX DOLL.

"Dear! dear! Isn't any body going to wake up?" ticked the Nursery Clock.

Just then the Wax Doll, rubbing her eyes, peeped out of the Toy closet.

"Time-is-go-ing! Time-is-go-ing!" ticked the Clock.

"So it is!" said the Wax Doll. "I must wake the other Toys."

The Clock did not tick many times before the Wax Doll's audience was ready.

"One day last winter little Peggy and I had been out sleigh-riding. When we came in, Nurse took Peggy and set her down in front of the nursery fire to 'toast,' as she said.

"Then it was nap time; so Peggy was put to bed and Nurse went down to dinner.

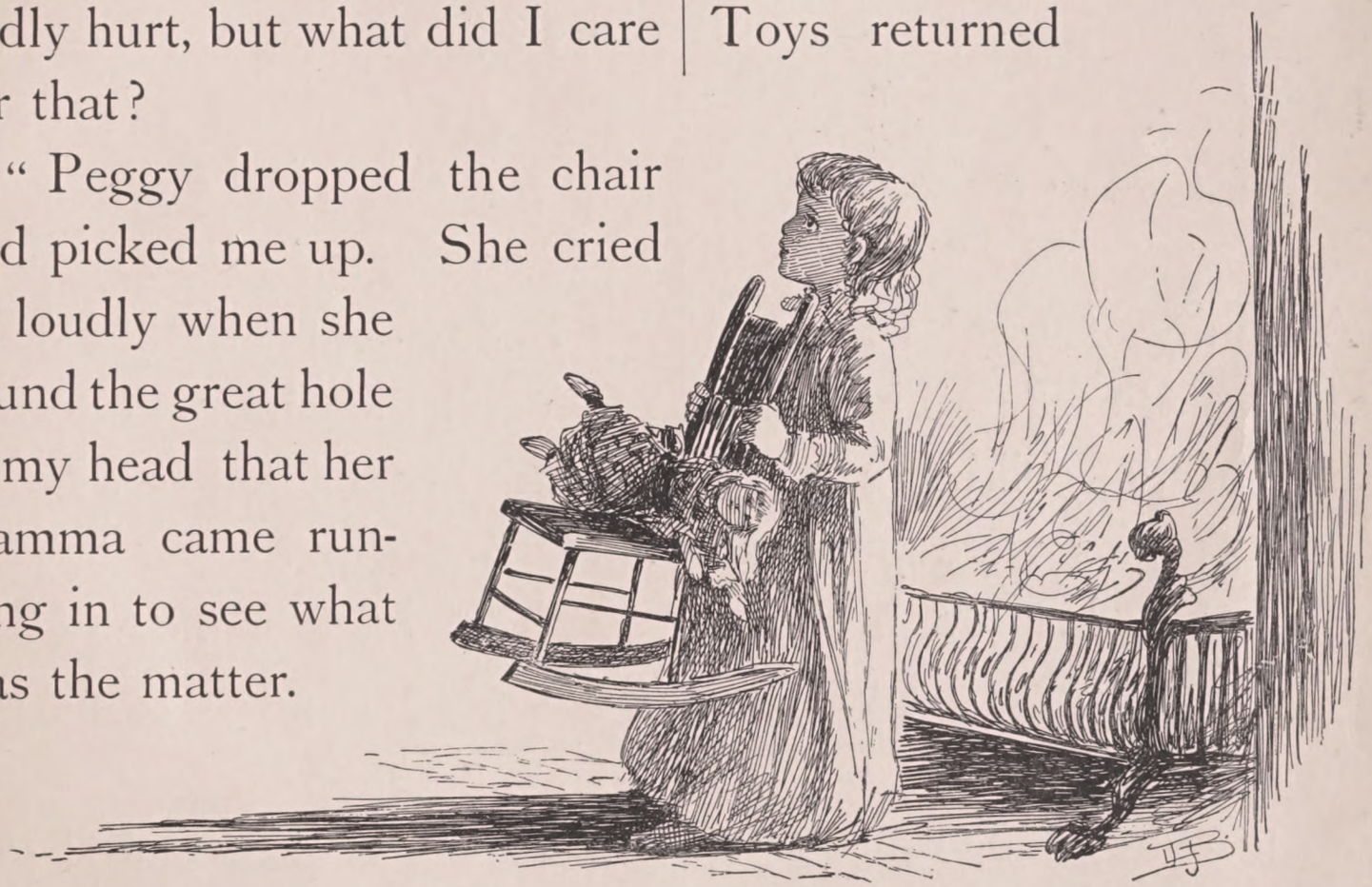
"Peggy had taken my things off and left me lying on the table. After she was in bed she remembered me. 'Poor Dolly!' said Peggy; 'Dolly must "toast," too.' So the little dear put me in her own rocking chair. 'Mustn't play wif fire,' she said solemnly; but she dragged the high fender away as she spoke. Then she lifted the rocking chair and toddled backward with it toward the fire.

"I began to get frightened. If she kept on she would certainly fall into the blazing coals.

How I wished I could scream! What should I do?

"Suddenly the rocking chair tilted a little to one side. I seized the chance, and fell to the floor. Of course I was badly hurt, but what did I care for that?

"Peggy dropped the chair and picked me up. She cried so loudly when she found the great hole in my head that her mamma came running in to see what was the matter.



THE WAY PEGGY WALKED BACKWARD TOWARD THE FIRE.

"People said afterwards it was a wonder that the child had not fallen into the fire. They did not know my part in saving her, but I have always been thankful that I succeeded in it; and since Peggy loves me as well as ever, I do not mind the hole in my head so very much."

This was the end of the Wax Doll's story; and as the Toys returned to the Toy Closet the Captain of the Wooden Soldiers was heard saying to his men, "That was a brave deed, my men. Let us ever honor the Wax Doll."

THE MOTHER EAGLE'S STORY.

THE EAGLE FAMILY.

A family of Eagles lived in the Toy Closet. They had charge of the children's Bank. When pennies were put into the Mother Eagle's bill, she would lean forward and feed them to the young Eagles. They pretended to swallow the pennies, but, instead, dropped them into the Bank.

"I do not wonder that I heard the clock strike to-night," said the Mother Eagle to the assembled Toys. "This has been such an exciting day! Did you see Bella snatch me from the closet and run off with me?"

"I did," said the Paris Pig; "for she knocked me over; but go on with your story, Mother Eagle."

"Bella took me to the school-room and the children crowded around her saying, 'O, Bella! is there enough?'

"'The bank is heavy,' said Bella, 'but a good paint box costs a great deal.'

"Then the children put pennies into my bill one after another, and I fed them to my young ones. We always click and gulp in a funny way as we take the pennies, so that the children shall enjoy feeding us.

"'The doctor says it will be

a whole year before Jimmy can walk,' said Bella; 'a paint box will be lovely for him, and his mother is too poor to buy such things.'

"At this Allan came back to the bank. He had only given a little money before.

"'The old Eagle looks hungry yet,' said he. Then he fed me so fast from his purse that I nearly choked. 'Halloo! this nickel doesn't go down! The bank is full!'

"And it really was! Try as we might we could not swallow another coin.

"'Look at the old Eagle,' said Henry. 'How pleased she is!'

"Pleased! I should think I was. I should have liked to scream with delight!

"To think that the Bank was full, and that the money we had worked for was to give so much joy to poor lame Jimmy."

FEEDING THE EAGLE.

"Three cheers for the Eagles," said the Wooden Soldier.

"And three cheers for the children, bless their generous hearts!" said the Mother Eagle.

SANTA CLAUS TOLD THEM ALL THE LATEST NEWS FROM TOY-LAND.

A JOLLY VISITOR.

"I like to make a noise in the world!" said the Drum; "it is what I was made for. But this is the first time I ever had a chance to speak. Usually I can only say 'Rub-a-dub-dub;' and not even that unless some one beats me!"

Just as he was about to begin his story, the Rocking Horse said, "Excuse me, Mr. Drum, but I have important news to tell. There is to be a visitor in the Nursery to-night."

"A visitor! Dear me!" said the Walking Doll. "Then we must all hurry home, I suppose."

"No," said the Rocking Horse; "don't be frightened. But guess who is coming?"

"The Nurse?" said the White Duck, waddling toward the Closet.

"No, not the Nurse."

"The Doctor?" asked the Wax Doll.

"No," said the Rocking Horse, tossing his head in delight.

"Bella walking in her sleep?" said the Frog, jumping up to the Rocking Horse's head as he spoke.

"All wrong!" said the Horse, now prancing gaily with the excitement of his grand secret. "Oh! can't you guess? Well, I'll tell the Drum."

When the Drum heard the whispered name he rolled over and over with joy. Then, standing on one of his heads, he called out, "Listen! Santa Claus is coming! It is the night before Christmas."

"Oh! Of course!" said Doll Rosy. "Why didn't I remember!"

"Yes, and there are the stockings!" said a Brownie, running to the fireplace.

Just then there was a rustling in the chimney and down came Santa Claus, plumper and rosier and jollier than ever.

A merry time they had then, I assure you. Santa Claus told all the latest news from Toy-land; and the Toys told him about their delightful holiday nights, when they had told stories to each other.

At last, Santa Claus said he really must get to work; and the Toys, bidding him good-bye, went back to the Toy Closet. They knew as well as you and I do that Santa Claus never likes any one about when he is filling the stockings.

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